

THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 421.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1825.

PRICE 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in South America, during the Years 1819-20-21; containing an Account of the present State of Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Chile. By Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq. 8vo. 2 vols. London 1825. J. Murray.

THE author, who went out to South America in the suite of Mr. Thornton, our Minister at the Court of Rio Janeiro, has lost more time than was expedient in laying his stores of information before the public; but these countries are every day acquiring so much political and commercial importance, that, even at a late hour, we are obliged to any competent traveller who makes us better acquainted with them.

In his introductory chapters, written at Rio Janeiro, and throwing a general glance over the productions, &c. of Brazil, Mr. C. mentions the following curious particulars:

"The city and its environs are infested to a surprising degree by a large variety of rats. Many of the first houses are so full of them, that during dinner it is by no means an unusual circumstance to see them playing about the room. The canine race appear quite regardless of them, and they are often seen feeding at the same heap of garbage. Their dental powers are such, that a thick clumsy door of hard wood is frequently perforated in one night. Officers of ships are obliged to use every precaution to prevent this destructive animal from getting a footing on board.

"The morcego, or bat, is extremely numerous. One species, the *andara gusson* of the Brazilians, is of large dimensions, and lives on the blood of cattle. Whether the story be correct, that it cools the air with its wings, and keeps its prey quiet while it is sucking the blood, I will not pretend to decide, but I could never discover that the mule or horse had made any resistance. The wound was almost always on the neck, of a minute size, and, contrary to what is usually the case in Brazil, soon healed. It did not seem that this kind of bleeding is at all detrimental.

"In this climate, it may easily be imagined, that the number of reptiles is very considerable. The rattle-snake does not exist near this part of the coast, but in the province of the mines it proves very destructive to negroes. At Saint João del Rey, a young man went into the woods, was bitten on the instep by a rattle-snake, came home ill and died. His widow (time being very precious with the fair sex in Brazil) soon married again, and her second availed himself of the clothes of the first, and among other things put on a pair of boots. He was shortly afterwards taken ill and died. A third husband followed, and experienced the same fate. Another Brazilian, little alarmed by what had happened, and induced, perhaps, by the accumulation of wealth, became the fourth husband, and by chance discovered the fang of a rattle-snake sticking through the instep of the boot, which being worn by his predecessors, had, in a climate where mortification soon occurs, been without doubt the cause of their deaths.

"The spider reaches an enormous size, with different habits from those of Europe. It stretches its web from tree to tree, and no longer appears a solitary insect: many hundreds live together,

and form nets of such strength, that I have assisted in liberating a bird of the size of a swallow, quite exhausted with struggling, and ready to fall a prey to its insatiable enemy."

In his remarks on the population, Mr. C. states—

"The Brazilians are much in the habit of freeing their slaves, but, to judge by the usual effects of enfranchisement, the negro had better remain in the trammels of slavery. The free blacks are usually idle, vicious, and disorderly. From being turned on the world when unfit for it, and unaccustomed to spend a moment in thought, they are improvident, and in most instances become a disgrace to themselves, and a bad example to their former companions. If slave-owners, they are far more cruel masters than the Portuguese, and often punish from national enmities quite unknown to the whites. That instances to the contrary of this may be adduced, is extremely likely, but such undoubtedly are the more usual effects of enfranchisement in Brazil and everywhere else. By the lower order of Brazilians they are considered a very inferior race, and their belief as to original formation is a little singular. At the time, say they, of the creation of Adam, Satan looked on and formed a man of clay, but every thing he touched becoming black, he determined to wash him white in the Jordan: on his approach the river retired, and he had only time to push the black man on the wet sand, which touching the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands, accounts for the whiteness of these parts. The Devil, in a state of irritation, struck his creation on the nose, by which the flatness of that organ was accomplished. The negro then begged for mercy, and humbly represented that no blame could be attached to him, upon which the other, something pacified, patted him on the head, and, by the heat of his hands, curled his hair in the way it is seen at the present day. Such is the fanciful idea of the Brazilians respecting the origin of the black race."

From Rio, our author went to Buenos Ayres: he notices that—

"The trade between England and Buenos Ayres has become of much importance to both countries. In the year ending the 5th January, 1817, we shipped to Buenos Ayres, goods to the value of £388,467; while in the year ending 5th January, 1823, their value was £1,164,745, shewing an unprecedented increase. During the year 1822, one hundred and sixty-seven English vessels sailed from various ports for Buenos Ayres, carrying thither every description of manufactured goods, beer, &c.

"The chief exports are hides, tallow, horns, hair, jerked beef, wool, Vicuña wool, (used for hat making) Chinchilli and Neutre skins, brought from the upper provinces. Of horse and cow hides, the number of 957,600 arrived in England in the year 1822; and when those which have gone direct to Antwerp and other continental ports are added to the account, some idea may be formed of the immense quantity produced in this part of the world.

"In the year 1821, three hundred and twenty-two vessels were cleared onwards at Buenos Ayres, of which one hundred and fourteen were

British; and in 1822, three hundred and four vessels, of which one hundred and sixty-seven were British.

"The particular customs of the Buenos Ayrians must depend on the peculiar nature of the country, which is so favourable to the breeding of cattle. The greatest delight is taken in horses; every man possesses them in abundance, and not unfrequently spends in their trappings the wealth which might be more properly laid out on his own garments. The horse is brought to the door, and tied up, to be ready at any moment for the owner, who would no more think of crossing the street than undertaking a journey on foot. The Buenos Ayrian is continually on horseback: the nets in the river are drawn from the saddle, and the Gaucho bathes from the horse, and swims round it. The mounted beggar stands at the corner of the street, and asks charity; his horse is no more a proof of his being undeserving of alms, than the trowers of the English mendicant. The system of begging has, however, been very much repressed; it was formerly carried on to a great extent, even by the better sort of people, who had a fine example in their friends of the mendicant orders; one instance may suffice:—A friar, who wished to make a present to D. Manuel de Saratea, the governor, observed a fine turtle in the market; inquiring the price, he said he would buy it, and soon return with the money: it was put aside for him: he was observed to go to the corner of an adjoining street, and beg for some time, for the best of purposes, until he had raised a sufficiency; when returning, he paid for the turtle, and sent it to the governor. This same turtle was doomed to take another journey; for D. Manuel, either distrusting the powers of his own artist, or thinking it might be as well bestowed on any person who could, in case of necessity, assist him in any sudden departure, presented it to the British commodore: the same evening he was forced to embark."

On leaving Buenos Ayres, Mr. Caldcleugh prepared for a journey across the continent: he passed the Pampas, into the provinces of Santa Fé, and thence to Cordova. He had a narrow escape from a body of Indians, who pursued him into the Sierra de Cordova: at length he arrived at Mendoza. From Mendoza the journey to Santiago, the capital of Chile, does not produce any new facts of interest; and the first volume is closed with a historical view of the province, which, though clear and well digested, is equally destitute of novelty for extract.

The following observations on the South American Mines, however, deserve attention at this period, when speculation is so wildly afloat, and British capital so largely embarked in mining projects:

"It is a well known fact, that none of the South American mines produce, at the present day, that vast quantity of metal which they used to do in former times. When first discovered, the metal was in great abundance, and within a few feet of, and in some instances on, the surface of the earth. All this has been removed, and the great excavations subsequently made have become full of water, from which the proprietors have not a sufficiency of capital to clear them. From

'How! nothing?'—No, nothing: Does not God know what I want? I adore and praise him.' And thou dost not pray to him, thou hast no request to make?—Ah! if I had any request to make to him, it would not be for myself.' 'For whom?'—For those who gave me being, for my father and for my mother, who sacrifice their own comforts to give me education.' 'Ask for thyself,' replied the Genius, elevating his voice, 'to ask for thyself, is to ask for them.'—Theophilus said to him—'Well, if it is indeed so, I demand wisdom.'—Scarcely had he pronounced the words, before the walls of the temple were shaken, when a sudden inflation, by announcing the presence of the Holy Spirit, forced all those who were in the sacred precincts to bend their knees, and fall prostrate. We then read upon the base of the altar these words, traced in characters of fire:—Christophorus shall be rich, but his riches shall impoverish him; Superbo shall have honours, which will cause him to be despised; Sarcophagus shall secure health, which he will abuse; but Theophilus shall possess the esteem of himself and of good men, and shall indulge in the labour which fertilizes talent, and gives birth to sweet mediocrity.

Of an opposite character is the following amusing anecdote of conjugal affection, in a letter from Abbé Voisenon to M. Favart:—

"I remarked, however, a sort of beauty, who appeared to me more silly than pretty. The intendant confirmed me in this idea, and related to me a little history of her, of recent occurrence. Her husband, whom I had the honour of seeing, might serve as a model of the most stupid husbands of Paris; she has the most decided aversion to him. This man fell sick a month ago, and being convinced of the *kind* disposition of his spouse, he declared that she had poisoned him. The tender creature, expecting to be a widow that very day, protested that she wished him to be opened for her own justification. A crisis followed, and he was soon out of danger. 'You are now justified, Madam,' said the surgeons, 'the patient is out of danger.' 'No matter, gentlemen; I absolutely wish him to be opened; it is necessary for my justification.' She insisted so strenuously, that the poor husband leaped from his bed, took his counsellor's gown, and hurried to the court to *ouvrir son avis* (open his cause, or make a motion, according to the English idiom) in order that his stomach might not be opened."

We have also a good anecdote of Crébillon.

"The younger Crébillon, at the age of thirteen, wrote a satire against Lamoignon and his admirers; he shewed it to his father, who told him that it was very well composed; but as he saw that the young man was vain of this opinion, he added—'Judge, my son, how easy and contemptible this style of writing must be, since, even at your age, one may succeed in it.'"

The following anecdote of Beaumarchais, though not so piquant, is curious:

"Beaumarchais, in passing through the Black Forest, on his way to Vienna, found himself at the foot of a mountain; he alighted from his chaise, and sent his domestic forward to prepare fresh horses, following himself at some distance, with a book in his hand. In a winding path, he was attacked by a robber, who aimed a blow at his breast with a knife, which did not penetrate, owing to the circumstance of Beaumarchais (who was devoted to the Virgin in his infancy) having always, since that period, worn a large medal as a type of his protectress, which proves that religion, or even prejudice, is sometimes useful. The assassin, however, was not yet satisfied, and directed a second blow against his victim; but Beaumarchais seized him, threw him down, and

called out for assistance. He was, in consequence, arrested and bound behind the carriage."

In another place, Favart relates a remarkable instance of clerical modesty.

"The Bishop of Boulogne suddenly died; the Abbé, who was beloved by the clergy, and by all the inhabitants, learnt that they had designated him to be their pastor, and were warmly soliciting his nomination; he secretly quitted the city during the night, in order to avoid the honours of the episcopacy, of which he did not deem himself worthy. 'How do they expect that I can govern a flock which should be entrusted to me?' said he; 'I cannot even conduct myself.' He afterwards came to the capital, and was appointed to the royal abbey of Jars, without being constrained to residence."

These are entertaining scraps, and we shall conclude for the present, with the addition of two other extracts of a congenial *caste*. The first consists of Reflections by Favart on Foreigners in France; in an extract of a letter to an Englishman.

"A foreigner in France is considered as a bird of passage, from which every one wishes to pluck a feather; and the inhabitants endeavour to tame and domesticate it there. Let him not trust to the lures which are held out to him; this is the advice that I will dare to give him. As a citizen of the world, and in the character of a cosmopolite, if I can be of any use to you in this city, dispose of me; I am at your service, without any interest whatever. The least suspicion will be a real offence to me; being the friend of your late father, I have some claim to be yours."

The last may be entitled, "The Projects of a madman."

"Is it not," says the writer, "madness to occupy one's self with the reformation of morals, and with the public good? yes, doubtless."

"Le mal s'opère promptement."

Et le bien se fait lentement."

"It is wished, that the cemeteries should not be near the precincts of the cities; it is a mad project, because the priests would lose by it."

"That the tanneries, slaughter-houses, &c. &c.; all trades, in a word, that infect the capital, should be beyond the suburbs—madness! because it is better that fifty men should perish, than to disturb fifty butchers, who have a right to make the blood flow in our streets."

* The evil operates quickly;
And the good works but slowly.

MEMOIRS OF FOUCHE.

SIEYES, who seems no favourite with Fouché, had indeed found a master in Buonaparte, as stated in the conclusion of our notice on this subject in last Gazette. The Consuls, however, met to discuss the pigeon-hole constitutions which were proposed for the regeneration of France, and which the strongest party knew so well how to kick into the dirt. On this occasion, we find Réal, afterwards a prominent minister, employed by Fouché as a spy to wind out the secret of Sieyes' intentions. His proposal tended to get himself appointed a *grand elector*, with two consuls; the one for peace and the other for war: both of whom he could readily have superseded, and thus reached sovereign authority under a new title. The *ci-devant* Abbé, however, was forced to retire; and other plans were suggested. A

* He was nevertheless well furnished—"As a reward for his docility in resigning the helm of affairs into the hands of the general consul, he was voted the estate of Crouse, a magnificent present of a million of francs, independent of twenty-five thousand livres a year, as senator, and exclusive of his *pot de vin*, as director, which amounted to six hundred thousand francs, and which he called his *poire pour le souf*. From that time, fallen from all consideration, and sunk in secret sensuality, he was politically dead."

pure republic; a confederation, like the United States of America, with a president for ten years; a generalissimo; a consul, with constitutional limits, &c. &c. were among the projects discussed and rejected.

"Chazal, Daumou, Courtois, Chénier, and many others besides, insisted upon constitutional limits; they represented, that if General Bonaparte should take upon himself the supreme magistracy, without a previous election, it would denote the ambition of an usurper, and would justify the opinion of those who had asserted, that the events of the 18th Brumaire were solely intended for his own aggrandizement. Making a last effort to prevent it, they offered him the dignity of generalissimo, with the power of making peace and war, and of treating with foreign powers. 'I will remain at Paris,' replied Bonaparte, with vivacity, and biting his nails; 'I will remain at Paris—I am consul.' Then Chénier, breaking silence, spoke of liberty, of the republic, of the necessity of putting some restrictions upon power, insisting, with much force and courage, upon the adoption of the measure of *absorption* into the senate. 'That shall not be!' cried Bonaparte, in a rage, and stamping with his feet, 'we will rather wade to our knees in blood!' At these words, which changed into a scene of confusion, a deliberation hitherto kept within the bounds of moderation, every one remained speechless; and the majority rising, placed the power not into the hands of three consuls, the second and third having consulting voices, but to a single one nominated for three years, re-eligible, promulgating laws, appointing and dismissing at his will all the members of the executive power; making peace and war; and, in fact, nominating himself. In fact, Bonaparte, by avoiding to make a previous institution of the senate, would not even condescend to be first consul by the act of the senators."

"Whether from spite or pride, Sieyes refused to be one of the accessory consuls; this was expected, and the choice which was already made by Bonaparte in *petto*, fell upon Cambacérès and Lebrun, who differed but very little in politics."

Thus was effected the ninth revolution, which, in less than seven years, had given the helm of power in France into new hands. No previous ruler had inhabited the Kingly palace of the Tuileries; but Buonaparte left the Luxembourg and went in state to that residence; and, indeed, he speedily assumed all the etiquette and splendours of courtly royalty. Many valuable reforms were also carried into effect. The battle of Marengo consolidated the elevation of Buonaparte; which a rumour of his having been defeated almost reversed within a few hours previously to the news of the victory being received: such was the fluctuation of opinion at that period. This is well described on the Consul's return, July 2d-3d.

"I observed," says M. Fouché, "from the first moment, an appearance of moroseness and constraint on his countenance. That very evening, at the hour devoted to business, he darted a gloomy look at me, on entering his closet, and broke out in ejaculations:—'What? so? I was thought to be lost, and an experiment was about to be again made on a Committee of public Safety. I know every thing—and these were the men whom I saved and spared. Do they take me for Louis XVI.? Let them try, and find the difference. There must be no more deception; a battle lost in my case is a battle gained. I fear nothing; I will crush all those ungrateful men and traitors into dust—I am able to save France in spite of factions and disturbers.' I represented to him that there had only been an access of the republican fever, excited by an injudicious report—a report that I had contradicted, and the

ill effects of which I had restrained; that my memorial to the two consuls, a copy of which I had transmitted to him, would enable him to appreciate, at its true value, that diminutive movement of fermentation and misgiving; and that, in fine, the *dénouement* was so magnificent, and the public satisfaction so general, that a few clouds, which only rendered the brilliancy of the picture more dazzling by contrast, might easily admit of toleration:—"But you do not tell me all," replied he. "Was there not a design to place Carnot at the head of the government? Carnot, who suffered himself to be mystified on the 18th of Fructidor, who is incapable of maintaining his authority for two months, and who would inevitably be sent to perish at Sinnamary? I affirmed that the conduct of Carnot had been unimpeachable; and I remarked that it would be very hard to render him responsible for the extravagant projects engendered by sickly brains, and of which he, Carnot, had not the least idea."

"He was silent; but the impression had struck deep. He did not forgive Carnot, who, some time after, found himself under the necessity of resigning the port-folio of war. It is probable that I should have shared his anticipated disgrace, had not Cambacérés and Lebrun been witnesses of the circumspection of my conduct, and the sincerity of my zeal."

"Becoming more jealous as he became more powerful, the First Consul armed himself with precautionary measures, and surrounded himself with a military equipage. His prejudices and distrusts were more especially directed against those whom he called the perverse, whether they wished to preserve their attachment to the popular party, or dissipated their strength in lamentations at the sight of dying liberty. I proposed mild measures in order to bring back the malcontents within the circle of government; I demanded means of gaining the chiefs of the party by pensions, gifts, and places; I received *carte blanche* with respect to the employment of pecuniary means; but my credit did not extend to the distribution of public employments and rewards. I saw clearly that the First Consul persisted in the system of only admitting the republicans into his councils and high employments in the form of a minority, and that he wished to maintain in full force the partisans of monarchy and absolute power. I had scarcely credit sufficient to nominate some half dozen prefects. Bonaparte did not like the Tribunal, because it contained a nucleus of staunch republicans. It was well known that he more especially dreaded the zealots and enthusiasts, known by the name of anarchists, a set of men always ready to be employed as instruments of plots and revolutions. His distrusts and his alarms were inflamed by the persons who surrounded him, and who urged him towards monarchy; such as Portalis, Lebrun, Cambacérés, Clarke, Champagny, Fleuriot, Duchâtel, Jollivet, Benezech, Emery, Roderer, Cretet, Regnier, Chaptal, Dufresne, and many others. To this effect must be added the secret reports and clandestine correspondences of men employed by him, which were couched in the same spirit, and swam with the torrent of the prevailing opinion."

Bonaparte, Fouché, and Lucien, (who was minister of the interior,) had not only each their acknowledged order of spies, but also secret spies upon each other.

"I had," says our author, "Lucien against me, who was then minister of the interior, and who had also his private police. Sometimes obliged to bear the reproaches of the First Consul about facts which he believed concealed in obscurity. He suspected me of keeping spies upon him in order to depreciate him in my reports. I

had a former order to keep nothing concealed, whether popular reports or the gossip of the salons. The result was, that Lucien, making abusive use of his credit and his position, playing the part of a debauchee, seducing wives from their husbands, and trafficking in licenses for the exportation of corn, was often an object of rumours and innuendoes. In the character of head of the police, it was not proper for me to disguise the importance it was of to the members of the First Consul's family to be irreproachable and pure in the eyes of the public."

"The nature of the conflict in which I was thus engaged may be conceived; luckily, I had Josephine in my interest; Duroc was not against me; and the private secretary was devoted to my views. This personage, who was replete with ability and talent, but whose greediness of gain very shortly caused his disgrace, always exhibited so much cupidity, that there is no occasion to name him in order to point him out. Having the control over the papers and secrets of his master, he discovered that I spent 100,000 francs monthly, for the purpose of incessantly watching over the existence of the First Consul. The idea came into his head to make me pay for such intelligence as he might supply me, in order to furnish means of accomplishing the aim I had in view. He sought me, and offered to inform me exactly of all the proceedings of Bonaparte for 25,000 francs per month; and he made me this offer as a means of saving 900,000 francs per annum. I took care not to let this opportunity slip, of having the private secretary of the chief of the state in my pay; that chief whom it was so requisite for me to follow step by step, in order to know what he had done, and what he was about to do. The proposal of the secretary was accepted, and he every month very punctually received a blank order for 25,000 francs, the promised sum, which he was to draw out of the treasury. On my side, I had full reason to congratulate myself on his dexterity and accuracy."

O tempora, O mores! might well be exclaimed.

"The palace alone dried up more than half the resource of my 100,000 francs, which were monthly available. In fact, I was by that means very accurately apprized of all that was important for me to know; and I was enabled, reciprocally, to control the information of the secretary by that of Josephine, and that of the latter by the secretary. I was stronger than all my enemies put together."

"The machiavelian maxim, *divide et impera*, having prevailed, there were shortly no less than four distinct systems of police: the military police of the palace, conducted by the aides-de-camp and by Duroc; the police of the inspectors of *gendarmérie*; the police of the prefecture, managed by Dubois; and my own. As to the police of the home department, I lost no time in abolishing it, as will shortly be seen. Accordingly, the Consul daily received four bulletins of separate police establishments, derived from different quarters, and which he was enabled to compare together, without mentioning the reports of his privately accredited correspondents. This was what he called feeling the pulse of the republic; the latter was considered as in a very bad state of health under his hands."

We now hear of conspiracies against the life of Bonaparte, some of them probably real, and others got up on purpose by his own contrivance, to serve as excuses for assuming new powers, and finally ascending the throne. On one of these occasions, Lucien and his imperious brother quarrelled; and, it is said,

"From this epoch the opposition between the two brothers assumed a complexion of hostility, which concluded by degenerating into violent

scenes. It is certain that Lucien, at the conclusion of one intemperate altercation, passionately threw on his brother's desk his portfolio of minister, exclaiming, that he divested himself the more readily of a public character as he had suffered nothing but torment, from subjection to such a despot; and that on the other hand, his brother equally exasperated, called his aides-de-camp on duty to turn out of his closet the citizen who forgot the respect due to the First Consul."

"Decorum and state reasons united, required the separation of the two brothers, without more scandal and violence. M. de Talleyrand and myself laboured at this task—all was politically made up. Lucien in a short time departed for Madrid, with the title of Ambassador, and with an express mission to change the inclinations of the King of Spain, and urge him to a war against Portugal; a kingdom which the First Consul beheld with chagrin subjected to dependance upon England."

The story of the Infernal Machine is told without eliciting much novelty. It was Fouché's policy to have it made out to be a Royalist plot, founded on a Jacobin one; and he so far succeeded, that many persons of both parties were put to death and banished.

The peace of Luneville now took place, and, only jealous of Moreau, Bonaparte was more secure and stronger than ever.

LYALL'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.

OUR first notice of these two Volumes left the author in the midst of the Tartars, on the Dnieper.

"After we left Sarabáze," continues the Doctor, "we descended a gentle declivity at the gallop; remarked numerous villas surrounded by trees and gardens and tracts of cultivated land; passed a burying-ground filled with the sepulchral monuments of the Tartars; and reached Symphe-ropole. We drove to one inn, which was under repair; then to another, which was filled by billiard-rooms, and various parties; and, while we were about to proceed to a third, an old acquaintance of mine, Sultan Katti-Ghérrí Krim-Ghérrí, unexpectedly came into view, most kindly invited us to take up our quarters at his house, and would not admit any excuse for non-compliance. The Sultan, a well-known character in Great Britain, is a descendant of the Tartar khans, and was born among the mountains of the Caucasus. Having become acquainted with the Scotch missionaries at Karáss, and shown a disposition to embrace the Christian religion and to become useful in the conversion of his Mahomedan brethren, he was removed to Petersburg, and resided with Dr. Paterson, where I was introduced to him. He then proceeded to the university of Edinburgh, and there resided for some years for the purpose of studying. He accompanied Mr. Lewis Way in his journey through Russia and the Crimea, in 1817-1818; and, when at Moscow, he was frequently at my house."

"The Sultána left father and mother, five brothers, and as many sisters, in Edinburgh, her native town, for the sake of the Sultan, and consented to reside in the Crimea; but, by so doing, she incurred her father's invincible displeasure, which he carried so far as to disinherit her; and he even died without pardoning this strong proof of unequivocal love."

"Many of the Sultána's friends considered her attachment as very romantic—but, perhaps, with less room than they imagined. For, it must not be forgotten, that previous to his marriage, the Sultan had not only become a Christian, but was almost transformed into a Briton, and spoke English with as much fluency as his native tongue. At Sympheropole, his house was arranged in the English style; almost every portable article within

it was of British manufacture, and British customs and manners alone prevailed. Indeed, the Sultan's education, religion, principles, conduct, and general mode of thinking, were so truly British, that I often forgot myself, and criticised, and even abused, the Tartars, as if I had been conversing with a countryman. He has long been in connection with the societies of Great Britain for the dissemination of religious knowledge, and he received the education of a missionary. He wishes to be useful in the conversion of the Krim Tartars to the Christian religion; and, if encouraged by the British societies, he will establish an extensive school for the education of the Tartar youths. At the time of our visit, he was arranging a small school so as to commence his plan. He also intended, by his exhortations, to enlighten his brethren; and, in order to encourage them to come to him, he distributed small sums of money to the poor, which, no doubt, were as much valued as his kind lessons. Being now a Russian subject, and having necessarily relinquished the property in the Caucasus to which he was heir, the Emperor Alexander has lately bestowed upon him a pension of six thousand roubles, which, with the addition of the small income of the Sultana, enables him to live comfortably. His wife seemed a very modest, amiable person, and was highly prized by her husband, by whom she had one daughter at the time of our visit, and I believe now has two or three more children.

"While strolling about the streets, one evening, in the Tartar division of Ak-Metchét, the sonorous, but harsh sound of music in a Tartar coffee-house, induced us to ascend a narrow staircase, and enter it; when quite a novel scene presented itself. A single large room was divided by low wooden partitions, surmounted by rails as ornaments, into four small compartments, the floors of which were elevated a few inches above the level of the passage. In each of these apartments was a low table, on which stood an immense salver with live charcoal, surrounded by groups of Tartars and Greeks, in their native costumes, who were sitting cross-legged upon the floor, drinking coffee and smoking pipes, with their usual gravity and taciturnity, apparently as little affected by the thundering of the musicians, as if they had been in a remote desert.

"They all wore loose red and yellow boots, in the Eastern style, and had left their slippers at the entrance, which they use for the same purpose as ladies wear pattens in Great Britain. All of them wore small caps, except the *hadgis*, or those who had made a pilgrimage to Mecca or Medina, whose heads were surmounted by high white turbans, as a badge of honour. After looking about us, and being somewhat stared at, we got possession of one of the small apartments, took our places in Tartar style, drank coffee, and smoked our pipes. We all tried the *kalioun*, which we found excessively difficult to use, no doubt from want of practice, as the Tartars and Greeks sent forth volumes of smoke from it, with as much apparent ease, as from a common tobacco-pipe. Partly by speaking Russ, and partly through Sultan Katti-Ghérrî Krim-Ghérrî, we had a good deal of conversation with the inmates of the coffee-house, all of whom, though formal, we found civil and polite. Two violins, held like the violoncello, and a tambourine, regaled us during our stay with most inharmonious music. Although the Tartars and the Greeks showed great apathy to the amusement, yet they must have some taste for it, since the master of the house finds it advantageous to employ the musicians very frequently. Our host, who seemed a sensible man, when asked how long he had been at Sympheropole, replied, 'seven or fourteen

years.' We found that his greatest wish was to make a journey, without the least deviation from a straight line, and to proceed to whatever countries he might be led, by land or sea. When he had acquired a little money, he seriously intended to make the experiment; at least he pretended so."

At Sevastopole, the travellers "dined with a party at Admiral Baillie's, and were much amused by a collection of European, Asiatic, and African cats, which this eccentric individual had assembled around him, and which seemed to have usurped the places and appellations of children. The real Moscow, and the Neapolitan varieties, were the most numerous; and of both he had some choice specimens.

"According to the author of the 'Life of Catherine II.,' in the year 1793, the fleet of the Black Sea consisted of eight ships of the line, of from sixty-six to seventy-four guns, and twelve frigates, of from thirty-six to forty guns, which were stationed at Sevastopole and Hadjibey, now Odessa; and of two hundred chebeks, gun-boats, and other small vessels with oars, at Nikolief and Adjider, now Ovidiopole, upon the *liman* of the Dniester. By Castelnau's account, in the year 1817, it consisted of twelve ships of the line, carrying 918 guns; four frigates, 162 guns; seven brigantines, 54 guns; eighteen small vessels, 91 guns;—total, 1225 guns. Besides a flotilla composed of forty gun-boats, carrying fifty-two cannons, and eighty falcons. In the year 1822, this fleet, according to the best authority, was composed of fourteen ships of the line and ten frigates, besides numerous small craft, as gun-boats, &c.---

"Kikenis is a village of no great size, but pleasantly situated amid walnut-trees, plumb-trees, cherry-trees, and vines, and commands an extensive view. Atit passed some amusing scenes. Sultan Katti-Ghérrî Krim-Ghérrî harangued the Tartars and their *Mohla* on the doctrines of Christianity; I announced the celebration of what we called 'Olympic Games,' and displayed the prizes, consisting of articles which we had purchased at Sympheropole and Baktchiserai; and one of the party, assisted by a Greek soldier (I acting as Russian interpreter), prepared the dinner, our cook not having arrived with the luggage. Lamb, hens, eggs, and butter, were soon procured; with which, and our own *bouillon*, excellent soup, boiled and roasted meat, and pancakes, were speedily prepared, to the no small amusement of the Tartars. A low wooden table was set out for dinner under a shade in the open air, and we partook of our repast, surrounded by a crowd of the natives, to whom the Sultan had made a present of a New Testament, in their own language. They seemed more interested in regarding us than the book; but those who were curious turned over a leaf now and then, which excited some conversation among the assembly. By the time dinner was over, the *Starist*, or elder, had assembled old and young men, boys, and even children, indeed, all the male population of the village. We instituted races of the boys, which were entered into with spirit. The wrestling of the Tartars was extremely amusing. In place of closing, they calmly seize each other's trowsers below the hips, and then begin the struggle. They overthrow their antagonists by sudden pulls from side to side, and sometimes by lifting them off the ground. They sang in accompaniment to the sounds of a kind of guitar, but without much grace or harmony; and their dancing was more like jumping and hopping. This was a memorable day for the natives, who were highly pleased with the rewards. During the amusements, crowds of the Tartar women, girls, and female children, had collected on the flat roofs of their houses, to witness the sport;

and we purposely feigned to take no notice of them, so as not to cause alarm, and thus have an opportunity of examining them at leisure, as a single marked look would put them all to flight. Our curiosity not being satisfied with this distant view, we made signs to them to come and contend for prizes also; this they not only refused to do, but began to run away. We unexpectedly dashed among them, and a scene of great confusion followed. They took to their heels, upset each other, and screamed violently. Indeed, they did not think themselves secure till lodged within their houses, on the declivity of the mountain, and into which it would have been reckoned a violation of decorum, and, of right, to have followed them. The Tartars, who, perhaps, did not much relish this scene, pretended to be highly amused. There was nothing inviting about the women in their persons, their faces, or their mode of dress; but, on the contrary, something very repulsive. We made presents to all around us, and, bidding adieu to our new acquaintances, who kindly invited us to return, we left Kikenis."

In the vale of Sudák, we are told—"Vineyards and groves of trees, intermixed with fine poplars, abound on all sides. The cottages of the proprietors, one or two stories in height, white-washed and tiled, and in European taste, greatly enliven this delightful valley, which is described by Pallas with much minuteness. We rode directly to the imperial vineyards, and were kindly received by their director, Mr. Esell, a German, who has the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. We dined in his house, and were supplied with abundance of the Crimean wines, some of which were of superior quality. They belong to the crown, and, as at Nikita, strangers are supplied with them, at least in moderation, without payment. Of course, we made the Colonel a present.

"The Imperial Vineyards are of considerable extent, and, besides the native vines of the climate, they contain many species which have been introduced at different times. The kinds of wine now made here, chiefly from foreign vines, are (as literally translated) red and white wine of Zante,—red and white wine of Korfu,—red French wine,—white Hungarian wine,—and red claret; besides different kinds of red and white Crimean wine. The whole quantity of wine produced by these vineyards in 1821, amounted to 60,000 *védros* (each of fifteen small-sized bottles.) According to their quality they were sold at from two and a half to four roubles *per védro*; so that the whole revenue, perhaps, amounted to above 200,000 roubles.

"The vineyards are four *versts* distant from the castle of Sudák, which, it is supposed, was built by the Genotse, about the middle of the fourteenth century. The ingenious author, Ode-rico, has bestowed a large portion of his work upon the history of Sudák and its antiquities;* and Pallas has given a minute description, as well as a view, of its fortress, in his travels. This author relates, that at the epoch of his first visit to the castle, a number of edifices, of elegant architecture, in the Gothic style, remained, but that they had been destroyed in order to raise barracks within its walls;—thus giving another proof of the system of destruction which seems to have reigned throughout the Crimea, except at Baktchiserai, ever since the Russians possessed it, till the visit of Alexander in 1818. --- "With an under-officer as guide we ascended the highest peak of the castle, but with considerable difficulty. The chief tower is of a square form; its walls are very thick and composed entirely of stone, and its roof is vaulted in

* "Lettre Ligustiche dell' Abbate Gasparo Luigi Oderico. 8vo, Bassano, 1792."

the Gothic style. From hence the view is remarkably fine. On our return we saw some fountains, over one of which is a curious figure of a tutelary deity, somewhat like an expanded bat and a serpent conjoined. There is a Sclavonic inscription on the stone below it, but it is nearly effaced. The Greek chapel, of which Pallas speaks, still remains, and in it service is daily performed." (To be continued.)

BOADEN'S MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF KEMBLE. In resuming our selections from this agreeable work, we shall first of all extract a part of the Dedication, because there is a particular allusion in it which we are enabled, from undoubted authority, to explain to our readers. "In the admired exercise of his abilities as a manager and an actor, Mr. Kemble became involved in a calamity which threatened him with irretrievable ruin—I mean the destruction by fire of Covent-garden Theatre. He had reached, at this time, a period of his life which could not flatter him with hopes of any very lengthened continuance of his exertions: but at this moment of severe affliction, the Royal mind condescended to administer that princely consolation which was dear indeed to a spirit such as his, and the accompanying mark of the Royal munificence became doubly precious to him, from the gracious language by which its acceptance was rendered not merely a duty but a pride." The condescension here referred to was as follows:—When the theatre was consumed by fire, his Majesty, with that splendid munificence which has always distinguished him, sent Mr. Kemble a present of a thousand pounds—a gift, the value of which was greatly enhanced by the gracious letter that accompanied it. His Majesty "was aware of the delicacy of Mr. Kemble's mind; but as to the acceptance of the inclosed, he begged him to remember that it was his Prince who commanded it, and his friend who requested it." To a spirit like Kemble's, dear indeed must have been such a tribute of Royal esteem.

Although the subject of the Pseudo-Shakspeare is now only remembered by a few, yet, as Mr. Boaden was one of the first, if not the very first person, who opened the eyes of the public with regard to that singular imposture, we cannot refrain from quoting, rather at length, his very curious account of the performance at Drury-lane of the tragedy of *Vortigern*:

"On the 2d of April the play was acted. In order to be quite right, the number of lines in it had been regulated by one of Shakspeare's acknowledged dramas; and there were some other points of imitation. . . .

"The principal members of the cast were, Mr. Bensley, (shortly to close his theatric life) in the character of *Constantius*; Mr. C. Kemble, *Pascenius*; Mr. Kemble himself, *Vortigern*. Mrs. Siddons (prescient of some storm) had begged to be excused, and Edmunda was sustained by Mrs. Powell; Mrs. Jordan (I used to think a true believer!) *Flavia*; and Rowena, the beautiful Miss Miller. The eternal attendant, Tidswell, with two *aides-de-camp*, Misses Leake and Heard, were in waiting on Edmunda.

"Great importance was naturally attached to the mode in which this sublime work of the author of *King Lear* should be ushered to the public audience. The laureate was flattered with this complimentary task. That true scholar and upright man, Mr. Pye, in the company of one of our most accomplished antiquaries, visited the mass of papers in Norfolk-street. For a short period, I remember, he believed, and resisted the positive judgment of his friend. But let it in candour or courtesy be remembered, that Mr. Pye's studies had lain chiefly among the Greek and Roman writers, and their earliest imitators,

the Italians. Of our ancient language he had made no particular study. But when he came to look at the consequences of a positive affirmation by himself of the truth of at all events a doubtful matter, he drew himself back with the aid of Touchstone, and placed his prologue under the convenient panoply of the virtuous conjunction.

"In our scenes your eyes delighted find
Marks that denote the mighty master's mind;—
If, at his words, the tears of pity flow,
Your breasts with horror thrill, with rapture glow;
Demand no other proof:
But if these proofs should fail;—if in the strain
Ye seek the Drama's awful fire in vain,
Should critics, heralds, antiquaries join
To give their fiat to each doubtful line,
Believe them not."

"It may readily be imagined, that this cautious introduction, however approved by the manager, would seem frigid to the flaming faith of old Ireland; but he softened his rejection of it to the decent remark, 'that it did not strongly enough assert the authenticity of the play.'

"Another poet presented himself, who had not been alarmed into equal discretion, or whose usual critical judgment had been 'blasted with ecstasy,' and Sir James Bland Burges assured the audience, in his prologue, with undoubted confidence, that

"Before the court immortal SHAKESPEARE stands.
That court was thronged to suffocation; but the row in the front boxes, which I had secured, gave me the complete view of the box inhabited by the great possessors of the treasures; and no earthly sum could compensate the agonies which I saw them endure that evening. INTEGRITY, TALENT, PROFIT, were all in jeopardy—

"The storm was up and all things on the hazard." The fatal mischief was the want of interest in the play—it was a dull chronicle put in action, enlivened occasionally by the lubberly awkwardness of Dignum and Philimore; and now and then pressed into a laborious comparison with some real flight of the poet, too accurately remembered by the author. Mr. Kemble himself had one of these fine things in his custody, which he gave with remarkable energy to the house.

"Full fifty breathless bodies struck my sight;
And some with gaping mouths did seem to mock me;
Whilst others, smiling in cold death itself,
Scoffingly bade me look on that, which soon
Would wrench from off my brow this sacred crown,
And make me too a subject like themselves.
Subject—to whom?—to thee, O sovereign Death!
Who hast for thy domain this world immense.
Church-yards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitable thy sumptuous palaces.
And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
O, then thou dost ope wide thy hideous jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy side.
And when the solemn mockery is o'er,
With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
And upward so, till thou dost reach the heart,
And wrap him in the cloak of lasting night."

This passage is a good deal in the taste of Dr. Blair's poem of the *Grave*, with some palpable struggles after the frantic imagery of King John and the melancholy of Richard II. The reference to Falstaff's death, and the handy action of poor Mrs. Quickly convulsed the audience with merriment. The solemn mockery was indeed over, and a lasting night threatened to enfold the genius of the Pseudo-Shakspeare.

"An Epilogue, written by Merry, and still keeping up the positive ascription of the play to Shakspeare, was spoken, with much effort, by Mrs. Jordan; and on the following morning, the treasury accounted with the elder Ireland for the receipt of the night, 260*l.*; charges being first deducted. The son got 60*l.*, he tells us, out of the 300*l.* paid down; and 30*l.* more out of the 103*l.*; the half of the ONLY receipt out of the promised SIXTY.

"Such was the close of this unadvised and unprincipled attempt upon the prejudices and the

purses of the public. It was a defeat from which there was no rallying—exposure brought on confession—sincerity, if it really spoke at last, spoke without belief; the father refused to credit the talent that was in his son—alienation, resentment, shame, and unceasing perplexity, have followed from the opening this modern CHEST of Pandora, out of which even *Hope* itself had now flown.

"But let me find, in this record of ruin, a few lines to regret, that a really poetical mind should have been sacrificed to this tempting imposition. By whomsoever written, the following lines in the play of Henry the Second, came from the same source; and that source, if a man is to be believed upon his oath, was the fancy of a youth, not eighteen years of age:

"Henry. That I could mellow now this iron tongue,
And fashion it to music of soft love!
But so it is that, from my childhood upwards,
I have been bred in hoarse and jarring war.
My spring of youth within a camp was spent:
There have I sat upon a soldier's knee;
Whilst round my neck was twined a GIANT ARM
So tightly set, that one might say indeed,
The sinews that did work it were of BRASS."

Surely the young nursing of a camp never sat for his portrait to an abler painter.

"That Mr. Kemble was very deeply concerned at this failure, I do not affect to say. The proprietors of the theatre had thought proper to enter into competition with Mr. Harris for this play of *Vortigern*. But it was written, with the exception of Mrs. Powell, for the people who acted it; and as an affair of business, perhaps the speculation was worth the trial. But the 300*l.* down was an extraordinary oversight; because the whole of that sum was lost, and all that had been laid out in scenery and decorations. The play, bad as it was, turned out the only source of profit to the Irelands. The nook was detected before it could be subscribed off or sold; and many reams of most magnificent paper hung as a heavy debt over the head of the editor." . . .

The name of Steevens is so well known, and so much appreciated by every lover of Shakspeare, that we shall now give the author's sketch of that remarkable person:

"The reader would be little likely to excuse me, if I omitted to notice, during the theatrical season, the death of a gentleman to whom all English stages are under eternal obligation. George Steevens, the editor of Shakspeare, died on the 22d January 1800, at his house on Hampstead Heath, in the 64th year of his age. Of his knowledge as an antiquarian, a critic, and a scholar, he has left his brief but expressive compositions, to speak for him, on pages from which they cannot be removed. In my first volume I have spoken, with the feeling which it excited, of a very unnecessary publication by Mr. Hayley, rendered even malicious, when it is considered, that in a place where there should enter nothing but the spirit of TRUTH, he had himself exhibited the following verses as the character of Mr. Steevens. I make not the least apology for their insertion in this place; they do proudly keep one over his grave, and are inimitable for nicety of discrimination, and, as I think, perfect resemblance.

"Peace to these ashes! once the bright attire
Of Steevens, sparkling with ethereal fire!
Whose talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could fascinate alike the grave or gay."

"How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power!
And truth attested, with delight intense,
The serious charms of his colloquial sense!
His genius, that to wild luxuriance swell'd,
His large, yet latent, charity excell'd:
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave his zeal endear'd."

"Learning, as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Careless of chance, confiding in his God!

"This tomb may perish, but not so his name
Who shed new lustre upon Shakspeare's fame!"

"A few venial errors 'set off his head,' I affirm the above to be a just record of George Stevens. Yet this gentleman has been assailed with a perfect wantonness of abuse, and his censurers have forgotten the sanctuary afforded by the grave, to errors infinitely greater than his. The elements were in truth very strangely mingled in him. You heard frequently of sportive mischief, that provoked your anger and your laughter; you also heard of munificence, of tenderness and charity, that made the bosom swell, and filled the eyes with tears.

"For several successive years, I used to converse with Mr. Stevens, frequently three times during the week, and enjoyed, with very dear friends, his wisdom and his wit. He appeared to me to have made his morning walk from Hampstead an equal exercise to his fancy and his frame; and many of the pleasantries with which he daily amused the town, were, no doubt, among the reveries of this 'solitary walker.'

"It was assuredly no slight misfortune to come under the lash of George Stevens; for he had so sure a tact in seizing upon the ludicrous points of a vain, a weak, or a false character, and his exhibitions were so neat and peculiar, and given in terms so provokingly apt and so sure to be remembered, that a dozen words might have the effect of rendering their object, at least for years, ridiculous. He had not perhaps taken the most favourable view of our mixed and imperfect nature, and commonly received with suspicion the attentions which were paid to him from sincere regard. So absolutely had this feeling worked itself into a habit, that when, in the dangerous illness before his last, I walked out to Hampstead to see him, he asked with earnestness, 'whether I had really taken the trouble for that sole object.' And upon my assuring him that such was positively the fact, the peculiar glance of distrust vanished from his countenance, and he became, though then far from well, as animated, as cordial, and even more communicative, than I had ever known him to be.

"I remember that, while we were enjoying the fine air from the heath together, he gave me a very interesting topography of his neighbourhood. The house he lived in had been one of public entertainment, known by the title, perhaps sign, of the *Upper Flask*; to which Addison and Steele, a century back, had resorted, and where, if the subjects of the *Tattlers* and *Spectators* were not conceived, the minds were certainly invigorated, which produced that unparalleled series of periodical essays.

"A doubt was once started, however remarkable, whether Mr. Stevens, though he had chosen Shakspeare as the basis of his literary fame, had a sound and hearty preference for his genius. His opinion as to the character of *Hamlet*, that as to his *Sonnets*, replete as they are with the very language of his plays, and a variety of notes not very respectfully couched, will be adduced by those who advocate such a suspicion. The taste of Mr. Stevens may be reasonably deduced from his composition; and that is invariably marked by sarcasm and point. His genius led him to satire and to epigram. I am not likely to forget the peculiar animation with which he this day expatiated as to the powers of Dryden. 'Were I,' said he, 'a young man, I would begin the study of English versification in the rhymed plays of Dryden.' As I suppose I expressed some surprise at this singular declaration, he asked, 'Where in the whole compass of our literature I could find any thing superior to the following passage in the second part of the *Conquest of Granada*?' He then, from memory, recited in his silver voice, the satirical exclamation of Lyndarax, in the second scene of the third act.

"O, how unequally in me were join'd
A creeping fortune, with a soaring mind!
O lottery of fate! where still the wise
Draw blanks of fortune, and the fools the prize!
These cross, ill-shuff'd lots from Heav'n are sent;
Yet dull Religion teaches us content.
But when we ask it where that blessing dwells,
It points to pedant colleges and cells;
There, shows its rude, and in a homely dress,
And that proud WANT mistakes for happiness."

Mr. Kemble, upon my quoting it to him, said it was a noble specimen of the peculiar force of Dryden. But as I am not going, at least on this occasion, to give a full detail of my observation of Mr. Stevens, I here take leave of a character too various to be easily drawn, too important to be slightly handled; at once a lesson and a problem.

I may, however, indulge a wish, that he should retain the proud distinction of being, perhaps, the best editor of Shakspeare; and that, differing *toto calo* as they did on many points, Mr. Stevens should not entirely merge into Mr. Malone; and, if the practice continue, at last sink in the accumulating stream of illustration by which the margin of Shakspeare is in danger to be overflowed. I could really desire to be permitted to replace him in the modest limits of his own FIFTEEN volumes; with a few improvements as to disposition merely; and the very slender accession indeed of certain amendments of the text, and explanations which, on the whole, appear to be more felicitous even than his own."

It was our intention to have quoted the account of Master Betty's extraordinary theatrical career, and, indeed, many other very original and well written details, but our limits are so narrow, that we can find room for nothing more than the masterly delineation which concludes the Memoirs:

"As these pages were drawing to a close, after a day of rather severe application, I took down my Tacitus, to delight myself with the noblest biography that was ever written—his life of Agricola. Its result upon my mind the reader shall have with entire sincerity; for I would not conceal from him the imperfection of my judgment, after it has been corrected. I had often indulged a hope, that the latter days of Mr. Kemble would have been passed here among us in affluence and honour! that a theatre under his direction might have extended and perpetuated a sound taste in our amusements! That while he lived, he might have lived for Shakspeare; and that in his last moments, the folio of that divine poet might have supported his head, until all memory of his great master was gone!

"But his own desires, as they were more moderate, had also more wisdom: and, looking to his life, however natural it may be for the fancy to form such a picture, yet, upon mature reflection, I entirely acquiesce in the 'decline and fall' of the great ROMAN ACTOR. The truth is, that enough had been sacrificed to noise and show—to the shouts of the multitude, and the yet more agreeable flattery of friendship. The actor had been satiated with applause—the man required some interval, previous to the greatest change he had to endure, that he might quite dismiss the 'fierce vanities' of the past from his mind, and possess his soul in privacy and peace.

"But the ruling passion made one last effort, and disturbed the tranquillity of his retirement. The mind of Mr. Kemble had a lofty pitch; it could change the kind of its indulgence, without lowering its character. His concluding ambition was to tread the soil, which his Coriolanus, his Brutus, and his Cato had trodden, and 'trace with a stately step the ruins of the capitol.' He therefore visited Rome, which by a religious, in succession to a military despotism, is still the mistress of the world—the ETERNAL CITY. But the air of that capital was found unfavourable; by the advice of the faculty he returned to Lausanne,

and all immediate danger seemed to have passed away. He resumed the placid and endearing course of his domestic life—his regular habits—and temperate enjoyments. The scenery of Lausanne is peculiarly striking—the beautiful is around—the sublime is in the distance. The powerful features of nature elevate the conception to the GREATEST of all Beings and the BEST. Piety in Mr. Kemble was a lowly and unassuming virtue; you gathered it from what he did not, rather than what you saw him do. He reverentially abstained from idle use of the sacred name at all times, and indulged his truly rational devotion without dogmatism, and with general charity.

"In the tenour of this 'noiseless course' a sudden check comes upon the system; a few hours of struggle elapse, and he is no more. But fondness for his faithful friend, his mistress, his gentle guide, was the predominant feeling in his breast, and the accents of solicitude as to Mrs. Kemble, were the last that faltered from his tongue. What close of life could raise him higher in our estimation than this?—what condition forms a better termination to a life of hurry and ambition? He had wisely, as well as kindly, given to his brother his share in the theatre; fully aware of all the difficulties surrounding such property, he had conferred it upon a 'younger strength,' in the hope that zeal and industry might realize it into wealth; and that his dear Charles would thus owe every thing in this life, but existence, to himself. He died, fortunately I say for him, at a time when such a hope might be entertained; and before a strife, equally mischievous and unnecessary, had thrown the whole property into chancery, and by every indulgence of forensic skill, by all the misales of bill and cross-bill, demurrer and amendment, impeded for months the business of the concern, and exercised the patience of the clearest and most indulgent mind that ever presided in that court.

"Mr. Kemble, as to his person, might be said to be majestic by effort rather than habit—he could become so in a moment. His ordinary gait was careless—his look rather kind than penetrating. He did not, except professionally, strive to be considered the noble creature that he was. Perhaps the discrimination of Tacitus as to the appearance of Agricola, was more than slightly characteristic of Kemble. 'He was of that make and stature, which may be said to be graceful, not majestic. His countenance had not that commanding air which strikes with awe: a sweetness of expression was the prevailing character. You would have been easily convinced that he was a good man, and you would have been willing to believe him a great one.'* I have sufficiently, I hope, guarded this application to Mr. Kemble in private life. On the stage, he burst upon you with a dignity, unseen but in his person and gesture; and embodied all that imagination, perhaps alone, has suggested of ancient manners.

With this admirable summing up, as honourable to the author's feelings as a man, as it is creditable to his talents as a writer, we close our extracts from these interesting and entertaining volumes. Mr. Bowden's purpose has been, "to record the progress of this great actor in the art which he professed, and to display his personal character, as it unfolded itself during an intimacy of near thirty years"—a purpose which he has ably and satisfactorily accomplished. So well, indeed, has he executed his task, that we cannot but regret that, from a feeling of delicacy, he should have passed over so slightly the last twenty years of the history of the stage. Might we therefore recommend a subject to him, we should suggest—

"* Decentior quam sultior fuit: nihil metis in vultu: gratia oris supererat. Bonum virum facile deceret, magnum liberenter."—VIT. ACASIC. SEC. 44.

gest that he should fill up this period with a more detailed account, similar, in fact, to the copious manner in which he has illustrated the earlier part of Mr. Kemble's Life. He might likewise, in the same way, favour us with the history of the seven years that intervened between the retirement of Garrick and the appearance of Kemble, and then our theatrical annals, from the Restoration to the present time, would be perfectly complete. Any apprehension he may entertain, that he might give offence to some of his contemporaries, every person who has read this work would immediately perceive to be groundless. Criticism is with him free from either acrimony or animosity—he never oppresses the feeble, nor triumphs over the fallen; but, with a firm and steady purpose, deals out “even-handed justice” indiscriminately to all. Let Mr. Boaden think of this. Qualified as he has shewn himself for the undertaking, the admirers of the drama have almost a right to demand it.

Juan Secundus: Canto the First. John Miller. London 1825.

We have at this moment a cameo lying beside us, wherein is graven the Nine Muses, with their braided hair, their long flowing garments, looking most staid and respectable young women. What can such as these have to do with Don Juan, in whose pages the muse is often obliged so to follow after the fashion of the demi-semi belles of song wherever the reader pleases, who, after having drunk solution of muriatic acid, danced, or rather bolted, through the bounds, and uttered those unclassable phrases, sometimes entitled nonsense, sometimes small talk, according to the humour of report, “tick up their petticoats under their knee,” and homewards trudge rather than trip

“—thro’ mud quite shocking,
Without a single spot upon the stocking.”

Don Juan was at a gallery, where every kind of picture obtained a place; the beautiful, the gross, the pathetic, the playful; brutal sensuality by the side of power and passion—all and each became familiar companions. The writer of the present poem does not seem to think with Shakespeare, “What’s in a name?”—but let him speak for himself:

“‘*Juan Secundus*’ P and why term it so?
Are works immodest now a-days so scant?
Why call it ‘*Juan*’ P—mark ye why I do,
Perchance ‘tis of a title I’m in want—
Perchance I’m a young poet, and if so,
The very name may make the people pant;
At all events ‘tis fixed—‘dum spiro spero’
Juan’s my title—who can name my hero?”

It is a most desultory production—too desultory for interest, but yet indicative of both talent and observation. There is some fine poetry, albeit of a more serious cast than we expected; some severe side blows, though given rather more in sober sadness than in sport; and a few humorous stanzas: the allusion to Lord Byron is one of the best written parts:

“Speaking of poets, Byron was the god
Of poetry; and never will the light
That beam’d and beams upon the path he trod
Extinguish but with earthy, heavy and bright
Be now his dreams; altho’ the dark, cold cloud
Conceal mortality, yet, what can blight
Those wondrous emanations of the mind
Which glad the darkness gloom he leaves behind?
“His was a life of loneliness—and he
Stood the proud monarch eagle of the rock;
His fearless eye fix’d on the raging sea
That roar’d beneath, unruddled at the shock—
Viewing with scorn—with spirit bold as free,
Dark hatred’s frown—pale sick’ning envy’s mock—
Greater ‘mid every effort to confound him!
Brighter, thro’ every cloud that low’d around him!
“But *He* is gone—and with his manhood’s bloom
Let all his frailties perish—that repose
Whose cloud obviates in the silent tomb
Our hopes—our fears—our sorrows and our woes,
Should veil our errors also—but the gloom
Of shrouds and sepulchres can ne’er enclose

The spirit’s power—nor bind that sacred flame
Which, rising to its God—leaves but to earth its
Fame.”

and the following also deserve quotation:

“Nature is like a mine; the miner, man—
From hour to hour with anxious eagerness
He seeks for hidden stores; what eye can scan
The vastness of her treasury? who can guess
The value of her treasures? She began
By slow degrees her secrets to impress,
And tho’ we daily find abundant ore,
Each hope grows stronger, as each hour brings more.
“Then speak not of perfection—what is done,
Is great—what is to be done, greater far!
Great men have liv’d—been lov’d—and having shone
Awhile, have pass’d away; some other star
Soon glides the firmament of life, to run
The course of glory. Yea, our best works are
But things unfinished, ages back begun—
Imperfect, handed down from sire to son.
“Time passes—but each moment from his hand
Some generous gift he scatters as he stals
On silent wings away; fresh hours demand
Fresh energies—age practice boldly seals
What fancy hath but dreamt of—and the wand
Of magic art by mighty power reveals
Long hidden secrets, which, for ages gone,
In nature’s womb have slept—unthought of and
unknown.”

So much for the poetry; as for plot, there is none to analyze; and as for title, it might as well have been called Jack Robinson as Juan. It seems as if the writer had a habit of jotting down his odd thoughts in rhyme, and afterwards strung them together like a necklace. However, a second Canto is promised, and of a more connected nature; we shall expect it; and end by reminding the author of his own vulgar words—“A poet’s d—d if he be short of pluck.”

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, 25 Jan. 1825.

THE work of Dr. Antommarchi was sought with the greatest eagerness; the morning it appeared a tolerably large edition was disposed of—one bookseller took from the publishers 300 copies at ready money—another, 200—another, 150—another, 100, and so on. The contents of the volumes have not, however, answered the expectation excited; there is little new, except the journal of disease and treatment. Had the *lettres, ordres du jour*, &c. already printed, and the enormous Flora of St. Helena, been omitted, the work might well have been comprised in one volume. Those who make up complete sets of every thing relating to Napoleon must have Antommarchi’s Journal: but the work will not have the circulation it might have had on a different scale of publication. It is quite the reverse with the “Campaign of Russia,” by General Segur; the first edition was really exhausted, and not a copy is to be had; thousands are waiting with impatience for the second edition, not of title page, but of two thick volumes, of which, every line is interesting.

We are expecting also with impatience, a volume of a different description—*Chansons Nouvelles*; but these Chansons are by Béranger. The manuscript, containing 50 songs, has been bought by Lacroix for 21,500 francs—above 400 francs per song. Milton did not get such prices for his effusions; but, on the other hand, Milton was not imprisoned for his poetry; Béranger, who has endured a long imprisonment for his former songs, expects a longer visit to Sainte Pelagie for the *Chansons Nouvelles*.

A little volume, entitled *La Boite de Pandore, Macédoine Philosophique, Anecdote and Morale*, has very considerable success. Among the sallies of wit and anecdote, are the following:

“The proprietor of a magic lantern displayed a remarkable circumspection in announcing the various pictures that formed his stock. One subject especially alarmed his fears, and required all his precautions; at length, by a happy periphrase, he managed to conciliate his profits and his safety.—“*Vous y voyez la célèbre Bataille de Wagram, remportée sur nos*

amis et alliés les Autrichiens par cet homme que la pudeur m’empêche de nommer.”

“A German, who came to Paris to learn the fashions and mode of our capital, heard the conversation often turn on the advantages of gas and its preferableness to oil, but he did not venture to betray his ignorance by asking for explanations. One day, being at dinner at a restaurateur’s, he asked for turbot.—“*Monsieur, le vent-il à l’huile?* (dit le garçon.)—Non, je veux connaître la nouvelle mode; donnez le moi au gaz.”

“A bishop had among his inferior clergy, a priest who had the habit of mixing with his common phraseology, the latin word *Distinguo*. One day the bishop wished to amuse a numerous party at the dinner table, and exclaimed,—“*Monsieur l’abbé, pourrait on, en cas d’urgence, baptiser avec du bouillon?*”—“*Distinguo*, (replied immediately the abbé) *non pas avec celui qui sort de votre cuisine, Monseigneur, mais fort bien avec celui de l’hospice que vous administrez.*”

They have resumed at the Theatre Française, the rehearsals of the *Cid d’Andalousie*, a tragedy by Le Brun; the rehearsals had been interrupted by the indisposition of Mademoiselle Mars, who was to perform an important part in the piece. The indisposition is thus explained—Mademoiselle Mars had lived, during ten years, in the greatest intimacy with a young officer, Le Colonel B***. The soldier having reason to suspect that the favorite of *Thalie* was not of the most faithful and constant, suddenly expressed his fears, and quitted the fair one as suddenly, last month. The rupture has desolated Mademoiselle Mars, who has not yet overcome her vexation and chagrin.

They are about to bring out, at the same theatre, a new tragedy, called *Judith*; while at the Odeon, they are to give, in the course of the week, another new tragedy *L’Orphelin de Bethlem*.

The celebrated painters of the Diorama are preparing a piece that will even eclipse their former splendid performances; it is a view of Rouen; and they have imagined a storm, which abates—a rainbow appears—the storm returns, and so on, till the illusion is beyond all that can be conceived, or has even yet been produced by the art.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY.

(Conclusion of *M. Jomard’s Paper*.)

Our inquiries on the north of the Equator have been extended as far as the 10th degree of latitude on three different points: on the east, between the two Niles, by M. Caillaud; on the west, in the direction of the sources of the Senegal and the Niger, by M. Mollien and Major Laing; and in the centre of Africa by Major Denham—and in every part their advance has been obstructed by lofty mountains, and impenetrable forests, occupied by tribes of savages who have never been subjected to the yoke of Islamism: mountains which now form a barrier to the introduction of European civilization, as they formerly did to the diffusion of the Mussulman law.

It is known what a brilliant scene here opened itself to the regards of the English travellers: a warlike city on the frontier of the country; a numerous cavalry, both men and horses cased in armour; a profusion of gold and of iron, worked with an art now entirely unknown; flourishing and populous cities, standing at a few miles from each other; an immense commerce, of which they had formed no idea; periodical markets, which were frequented every week by upwards of a hundred thousand people! What a harvest for Geography! what a recompence for the fatigues and perils undergone by the three travellers! They have before their eyes the great central lake, of which mention was made in the

relations of the natives, but the existence of which could till then be denied; and they ascertained, by their own observation, that it received within its bosom the waters of different rivers, flowing into it from the north, the west, and the south: the Niger, or at least a river which descends from the side of Tombouctou and Haoussa, flows into it in the month of July, under the form of a moderate stream. This lake was ascertained by them, as far as their researches went, to be upwards of 220 miles in length; its breadth is not yet known, and we are ignorant whether it has any issue—whether, as is the case of the Caspian Sea, the influx of tributary streams is compensated for by evaporation; and finally, whether, on a rise in its waters, it flows towards the basin of the Nile—a question which still remains undecided, notwithstanding all these great discoveries! No wonder, then, that we look with so much impatience for some news respecting the ulterior proceedings of the expedition.

But, at the very moment when learned Europe was expecting with anxiety the new fruits of the English expedition,* it learns that its hopes are diminished by an irreparable loss: Dr. Oudney sunk, after a few days' illness, under the severity of this fatal climate. The young Toole, who set out after him from Tripoli, joined the expedition, and had scarcely arrived when he also fell a victim: all our hopes now rest upon the intrepid Denham, on Lieut. Clapperton, and on Mr. Tyrwhit. The rare devotion of Dr. Oudney, and the singular circumstances of his death, are worthy of a few moments' attention: they will serve to show the full extent of the loss that the interests of science have sustained in that indefatigable traveller. He set out from Bornou in December, 1823, (a year after his passage across the Great Desert) and directed his course to the west, in the direction of Kano, accompanied by Mr. Clapperton, with whom he reached the confines of the kingdom. On their arrival at this spot, the caravan was attacked by a sudden and unexpected cold of the greatest intensity; the waters were frozen on all sides; the contents of the skins borne by the camels were entirely congealed; and the Doctor felt seriously unwell: he, however, continued his laborious career for seventeen more successive days. On the 12th of January he again endeavoured to set out at break of day, as was his custom: the camels were already loaded, but his strength failed him, and, in a few moments after, he expired in the arms of his companion, less regretting his death than grieved at not having been able to do more for his country.

It has been conjectured that, under the 12th degree of north lat., in the place where the English travellers then were, water cannot freeze except on those mountains which are from 4 to 5,000 metres (a metre, 39 inches,) above the level of the sea: this calculation is greatly exaggerated. The persons who have hazarded the assertion seem to be ignorant that it sometimes freezes in the deserts of Lybia, at only a few hundred metres above the level of the sea: these deserts are, it is true, a few degrees further towards the north, but they still lie very close to the torrid zone.† It is not impossible but that circumstances, peculiar to these regions, may cause a considerable diminution in the temperature, and it would be safer to wait, before we form any decided opinion upon the subject, until the heights of the

ground shall have been published; a piece of information which has been very dearly purchased, since it has cost the life of the most enlightened man belonging to the expedition. We may add, that if the mountains that lie at about a hundred leagues to the west of Bornou are really of a great elevation, (a fact which we do not dispute) as, on the other hand, the source of the Niger is situated (according to Major Laing) only at the height of 500 metres, the learned conjecture made by Mr. Walckenaer will be strongly confirmed, namely, that the transversal chain of mountains increases progressively, according as it advances, from the west to the east, until its union with the principal chain, which appears placed under the 22d degree of longitude, and the 8th degree of north latitude.

The same learned observer has judiciously placed Tombouctoo at 2½ degrees farther towards the west than it was laid down by Major Rennell, after the observations of Mungo Park.* The position of Silla, on the Niger, is also laid down upon the maps too far to the east; and it is not improbable that the first of these towns may lie under a more western longitude, since Bakel and Fort Saint Joseph, according to the recent observations of some French officers, communicated by Baron Roger, Governor of Senegal, ought to be placed about 2 degrees farther to the west than they are laid down by Mungo Park. Every thing announces that the cities of Central-Africa are situated nearer to the Atlantic than was supposed; and this discovery is a point of no small importance, as far as regards the relations which it is hoped to establish with these countries: a diminution of a hundred leagues† in a journey through so difficult a country, is a sort of conquest for the science of Geography.

If we had not laid it down as a rule not to make mention in this notice of the reports of the native Africans, we should cite those of two natives, who were separately interrogated by M. Roger, and who agree in saying that Djenné is situated on the right bank of the Dialliba (or Niger), as also the city of Sego, and that this royal residence is formed of four distinct and isolated towns. Mungo Park knew of the existence of these four towns; but it appears that he stopped upon the left bank of the river, without attempting to penetrate into them. The same individuals informed M. Roger, that the great city of Tombouctoo is situated close to the Dialliba, at only two leagues distance from the left bank: it is even still nearer, according to M. Adrien Partrier. The town of Kabra serves as its port, in the same manner as Boulaq is the port of Grand Cairo; and the carriers of merchandize make the journey twice, and even thrice, in the course of the day. To conclude; M. Partrier only mentions one river, that of the Dialliba, and says nothing whatever of the Gambarou, except merely that a river of that name flows at a great distance towards the NNE.

Other observations, made by M. Partrier, agree with those of the French officers, and those of M. Beaufort, in leading us to conclude that the longitudes, as laid down by Park, are placed too much to the east; and it is even supposed, that he made a considerable mistake in laying down the latitude of the spot where he left the river Gambia.

Such is the state of the last discoveries made by Europeans in the interior of Africa—I speak here of those communicated to us by ocular witnesses. What an immense void still remains to

* According to Major Rennell, (in his chart, published in 1802,) it lies in 1 deg. 28 min. east of Greenwich; and according to Mr. Walckenaer, in 2 deg. 38 min. 50 sec. west of Paris. Several of the conjectures advanced by the learned naturalist, M. Latreille, have also been confirmed by the last observations.

† In going and coming.

be filled up in the chart, containing these discoveries alone! What a space still remains unvisited, between the twenty or five-and-twenty leading lines followed by travellers! We have calculated the total extent of these lines which have been traced within the last forty years, and we have estimated it at 2,200 geographical miles, even including the excursions of Poncet in 1698, and those of Bruce made from 1768 to 1773. Let us suppose that each traveller constantly embraced within his view a horizon of three leagues in diameter, which is allowing a great deal, this gives us at most a surface of twenty-eight thousand square leagues: but what is that superficies, compared with that of all Africa, which is computed at 1,400,000 square leagues. It is plain, therefore, that Europeans scarcely possess a knowledge of the fiftieth part of Interior Africa: beyond that, all remains enveloped in confusion and uncertainty. The lines of country that have been visited lie nearer to each other in the south of the continent, and it is to the east of the central meridian, (the 15th to the east of Paris) at about 10 degrees on each side of the Equator, that the distance that separates them is the greatest. From the place where Mungo Park perished, to that where Dr. Oudney sunk beneath the climate, there only remains an interval of 12 degrees to be explored; but from Bornou, to the nearest coast of the Indian Ocean, the distance is estimated at upwards of 30 degrees. It is not improbable but that a chain of mountains may be found in that vast space, which would form a continuation of the mountains discovered by Mr. Burchell, in the 26th degree of south latitude; mountains which overhang the sources of rivers flowing in a contrary direction, and which appear to be farther from the ocean than was supposed until the present day.

N. B.—Since this paper was read at the general meeting of the Society of Geography, information has been received that M. Hey, who accompanied Mr. Edward Ruppell in his travels, had ascended the White Nile to the distance of upwards of 60 leagues above its mouth; and that Mohammed-Bek, one of the generals of the Viceroy of Egypt, had drawn up an itinerary of Kordofan, a country hitherto very little known, and situated between the Semâr and the Dar-Four. It is said that volcanoes have been discovered there, at upwards of 180 leagues from the Red Sea, and that they bore evidence of being still in full activity at the time they were observed.*

* The data respecting African Geography, contained in this paper, induces us to request such of our readers as feel a strong interest in the progress of those expeditions, undertaken from time to time, to explore that continent, to preserve the two numbers of the Gazette in which it is inserted. They will be found very useful for reference on all subsequent Travels of Discovery.—*Editor.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT, AND KALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

Though the weather has been mild, and without rain, during last month, yet the lands are but little dried. The air, indeed, has been of that sluggish temperature (between 30 and 40 degrees) in which it holds more moisture than when either higher or lower. The wind has been chiefly west or south-west, a very obvious reason for the uncommon mildness of the season. On dry soils, wheats and young clovers are forward, but by no means so in strong clays: if a sharp frost should set in, or a continued north-east wind, these crops so situated will suffer severely. Some beans have been put in, but not so many as usually are planted in January. Turnips, and other winter food, is abundant, though of inferior quality: lambs drop freely, and the foot-rot, as well as the liver disease, are gradually yielding to a more favourable climate and abundance of food. The

* M. Cailland has found ice in the desert of Syonah; and the individuals attached to the expedition into Egypt observed the thermometer at zero, in Lower Egypt, in the year 1798. The conditions of temperature in the great deserts of Africa, must necessarily differ from those which are observed in the other tropical regions. It would take too long to enter into an explanation of the various causes of this diversity.

operations of February are almost entirely on the soil, either in putting in such crops as beans, pease, and tares; or preparing for others, as barley, potatoes, turnips, &c. by giving what is called the spring furrow to lands which have been ploughed in the autumn, or beginning of winter. Some negligent farmers do not plough their fallows till this season; but such must either be short of strength, as the phrase is, or indifferent to their own interest, or ignorant of the benefits derived from fallowing: these benefits can only be derived by thoroughly exposing the soil to the various weather of the year as it comes in succession.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. BRITISH MUSEUM.

SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE, Bart., has recently given to the British Museum his splendid collection of Books, relating to the History and Topography of Italy, collected between the years 1785 and 1791, during two successive excursions into that country. It consists of seventeen hundred and thirty-three articles, arranged according to the ancient divisions of Italy, viz.:

General History of Italy; City of Rome, &c.; Ecclesiastical States; Piedmont, Savoy, Sardinia, Lombardy, Milanese, Mantua, Parma, Placentia, &c.; Venetian States; Republic of Genoa; Republic of S. Marino; Republic of Lucca; Etruria and Tuscany; Kingdom of Naples; Island of Sicily; Mountains of Aetna and Vesuvius.

Such has been the effect of the unexampled liberality of his Majesty King George the Fourth. No fewer than three donations, of the highest importance, have been since bestowed upon the British Museum: a collection of pictures, of extraordinary value, from Sir George Beaumont; a collection of coins, medals, bronzes, gems, and drawings, worth more than fifty thousand pounds, from Mr. R. P. Knight; and a library of Italian history, from Sir Richard Hoare.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 4.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes, of £25 each, to the two best proficients in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Mr. James Challis, of Trinity college, and Mr. Wm. Williamson, of Clare Hall, the first and second Wranglers.

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is—"The Building and Dedication of the Second Temple."

OXFORD, Feb. 5.—In full Convocation, on Tuesday last, the University Seal was affixed to an instrument releasing the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Citizens of Oxford, from the observance of certain acts heretofore required of them on *Dies Scholastica*, in memory of the disastrous events which occurred in a conflict between the Students of the University and the Citizens of Oxford, in the year 1354-5. 30 Edward III.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. E. Eliot, Fellow of Exeter College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. T. Plumtre, University; Rev. F. Quarrington, Pembroke; Rev. R. Shepherd, Queen's; Rev. H. Bold, Christ Church; E. Morgan, St. Alban Hall; and C. A. St. John Mildmay, Oriel.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Childers, Christ Church, grand compounder; T. Penton, Pembroke; F. Bowman, and E. Strong, Exeter; E. J. Wingfield, Student of Christ Church; J. Brooke, Brasenose; P. Nouaille, St. John's; J. Mayers, and H. W. Plumtre, University; C. G. Butler, P. J. Ferrers, C. T. Tyrell, and H. D. Ryder, Oriel; C. M. Wigley, and W. B. Poie, Balliol College.

BATH LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A Literary Institution, of considerable importance, has been formed at Bath; and, on the 21st ult., it was publicly opened, with a meeting and entertainment, at which the Bishop of the diocese, Lord Landsdowne, and the poets, Bowles, Crabbe, and Moore, were present. Sir George Gibbs, M. D. delivered the inaugural discourse; and all the distinguished persons we have mentioned spoke

upon the occasion. Such a city as Bath ought to support an Institution of this kind upon a grand scale, not only as refers to what it procures, but to what it produces. The public will expect from it more than the mere establishment of a reading-room.

SURREY LITERARY INSTITUTION.—An Institution, with the above designation, has been opened under the most favourable auspices, at the Mansion House, Camberwell—where, on Tuesday evening, an excellent Public Lecture was delivered in the lecture-room of the Institution, by the Rev. J. Peers, A.M. The Rev. Lecturer took an interesting view of the progress of literature from the earliest ages to the present time, shewing its advantages in a moral and social point of view; and concluded with a warm encomium on periodical publications in general. The inhabitants of Camberwell and its neighbourhood will, no doubt, be both gratified and benefited by the formation of a Society which offers many advantages for literary recreation and study. We are always well pleased to hear of such establishments; their effects in improving society, and especially the rising generation, can hardly be too highly appreciated.

FINE ARTS. BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 381. David and Bathsheba reproved by Nathan. *James and George Fogg*.—This is one of the largest works in the Exhibition, being 13 feet by 11; and we regret to say, that by subjects of such a class, the zeal of the British School of Design is rather demonstrated, than the School itself benefited. They do not fall in with the prevailing public taste; and there appears to be little chance of their being admitted into churches, or other places fit for their reception, and suited to their character and dimensions. Yet, notwithstanding the slight prospects of success, there have not (as in the present instance) been wanting artists who have sacrificed every thing to the cultivation of their art in its highest efforts. These brothers, the Messrs. Fogg, have honourably volunteered their time and toil to show, at least, that in the Historical and Classic, they have the will and the power to attempt the greatest undertakings. With regard to this picture, it is a very considerable improvement upon their former productions, and displays a skill in composition extremely creditable to their talents. The management of the characters, however, impresses us more with the idea of Jupiter and Juno, than of the amorous King of Israel and his fair enchantress.

385. The Rabbit Warren, a scene in Ampthill Park, near Houghton Ruins, Bedfordshire. *J. F. Lewis*.—With an eye to nature, and a spirited execution, any scene may be made interesting, though the actors in it are those of every-day character. But for this truth of delineation, a Rabbit Warren, though ever so prolific of sport, is a very barren subject for the pencil: in the present instance, however, the woody scene and glancing lights thrown in upon the broken ground, give it a most picturesque effect, independent of the busy group which occupies the foreground of the piece.

131. Landscape. *James Stark*.—We may with great justice say, that, at the present day, no country can compete with the English School of Landscape. In every Exhibition of Paintings, we find it in all its variety of effect and colour; in all its modifications of form and composition, from the highly-wrought texture of a Claude, to the learned and the bold of N. Poussin and Salvator Rosa. In the Landscape of Mr. Stark, we are presented with an example of the purest and most natural style of the Art; and, whether in composition or execution, this performance may be ranked among the best specimens of the year.

5 and 11. Scenes from the Plays of Rule a

Wife and have a Wife, and Twelfth Night. *H. Singleton*.—We take these two examples of Mr. Singleton's talents, as the fairest proofs of his pencil, and powers of design. The figure of Olivia is full of grace and sweetness.

71. Minnow Fishers, a view near Newcastle. *T. M. Richardson*.—We should rather consider this a scene, not a view, as it is a confined spot; but combining every natural requisite favourable to the picturesque character, and executed in a style well suited to the rustic and unadorned features of the place. Not being familiar with the Artist's name, we beg to congratulate him on the very favourable impression made by his *début*.

49. The Welcome Passengers, a scene in Bristol Harbour. *G. Jones, R. A.*—This, like every similar performance from the pencil of Mr. Jones, is replete with interest, arising equally from the choice of the composition and the ability with which it is executed. The character of his aerial perspective is always good; here it is seen with every advantage, from the brilliant and local colours given to the boat, which we suppose contains the welcome passenger,—for of the story we are rather unaccountably left in the dark, though, doubtless, "thereby hangs a tale."

17. Recreations; 19. The Fountain. *R. T. Bone*.—The little Gems of Art exhibit the same power of fancy, the same brilliant display of romance and grandeur, as the preceding performances of this Artist, by all, or most of which, we are brought to the contemplation of scenes and characters that light up pleasure in the mind, and show life in its holiday form.

22. Study of a Boy. *T. S. Good*.—We select this performance from others by the same hand, as displaying more of that character in composition which we wish to see in his works, and without which there must be a prevailing monotony that will destroy the powers of the most deceptive delineations of nature. To be better, Mr. Good must vary his mode of introducing his lights, and sacrifice a portion of his accessories.

90. Landscape under the effect of Moon and Fire-light. *T. C. Hofland*.—The effects of the two lights introduced into one of the most pleasing compositions we have seen, happily contrast with each other, without destroying the mellow tones which belong to the character of certain seasons of the year.—No. 103, by the same Artist, is Killin, and the Burial Place of the McNabs, at the head of Loch Tay, Highlands of Scotland. A specimen of the cool and silvery tones which he so judiciously introduces in many of his Landscapes.

The Manchester Institution for the Promotion of Literature, Science, and the Arts, (which we mentioned about the period of its formation), is rising rapidly into importance. The alliance between Commerce and the liberal and ornamental Arts, is not only very natural, but extremely beneficial; and it is at once individually pleasing, to see the mercantile man retiring at times from the pursuit of wealth, to enjoy intellectual refinements, and influential upon the general prosperity, when the aid of taste and talent is brought forward to improve, invigorate, and promote manufacturing enterprise and the speculations of a world-pervading trade. There is no branch of the latter which may not feel the good effects of such a system; and we delight to have to state, that the manufacturing Interests of Manchester, with a munificence worthy of their wealth, have already contributed about thirty-four thousand pounds to this noble undertaking. We hope the patrons of the Fine Arts, throughout the kingdom, will not be slow in giving their countenance to so excellent a design.

THE CORONATION.

The first part of Sir George Naylor's splendid History of the Coronation, is completed; and has been delivered to the subscribers. The de-

lay beyond the period originally specified, is satisfactorily accounted for by the truth and spirit of the engravings, and the accuracy of their colouring. The costume, indeed, seems perfect. The following passage, in a circular notice attached to the publication, may deserve the attention of a portion of our readers, and, ultimately, of the public; we therefore copy it as a piece of news.

"Sir George Nayler has to lament that, on a review of the expenditure incurred, he finds the sum originally proposed totally inadequate to meet the actual cost, which amounts to £8 8s. each Part. He therefore feels it just to the Subscribers who have favoured him with their names, to leave it at their entire option to take or reject it at the Cost Price, which he trusts will not, when the nature of the Work is considered, be found unreasonable. Profit to himself is left entirely out of the question; and at the same time he assures the Subscribers, that whatever expense may be incurred in the preparation of the future Parts, no farther advance whatever will be made to them in the price now fixed. The copies of those who may decline this proposal, will be sold at a very considerable increase. The First Part will be delivered at the Office of Sir George Nayler, in the College of Arms, upon payment of the Subscription, any day between 10 and 4 o'clock, until the first day of March next, after which Sir George Nayler will consider himself at liberty to dispose of those which remain unclaimed."

The Plates in the Part before us consist of—His Majesty;—The Court of Claims in the Painted Chamber in the Palace at Westminster;—Procession of the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster with the Regalia;—The Ceremony of the Homage;—and the Royal Banquet.

The Portraits—H. R. H. the Duke of York, in the Robes of Estate as a Prince of the Blood; with Trainbearer, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry F. Cooke;—Lord Eldon, as Lord High Chancellor, bearing the Purse with the Great Seal, attended by a Page;—The Duke of Norfolk, as a Duke in his Robes;—Lord Bexley, as Chancellor of His Majesty's Exchequer;—Lord Yarmouth, as a Member of the Privy Council, with various Orders;—The late Marquis of Londonderry, as a Knight of the Garter, in the Habit and Robes of that Order;—Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, as a Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order of the Bath;—Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster;—and J. Buller, Esq., Clerk of the Privy Council in Ordinary.—There are also four Engravings on Wood, of Cyphers, Crown, Coronets, Medals, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAST LEAF.

THOU flickering solitary leaf
That hang'st on yonder blighted tree,
Sad emblem of deserted grief,
How like thou art to me!
A wither'd, sapless, lifeless form,
By all thy kindred long forsaken,
Thou hang'st the prey of every storm,
By every rude blast shaken!
Lost too for me is beauty's bloom;
My peace, my joys, my hopes are flown;
My friends lie mouldering in the tomb,
And I am left alone.
Yet, ah! while many a moistened eye
Is turn'd with mournful gaze on thee,
Kind pity heaves no passing sigh,
Nor drops one tear for me!

Q.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

LET others list the trumpet blast
That fir'd my soul in days long past;
Let others dwell, in airy dream,
With joy upon the poet's theme;—
Enough for me if thou wilt smile,
And I behold thee but the while.

For I have doff'd the golden band,
And flung the red sword from my hand;
And to'en the corslet from my breast,
And from my head the helm and crest:
And left court and camp to follow thee,
And, like a menial, bend the knee.
And for yellow baldrick my scrip is hung,
And for belted brand my harp is slung:
And for corslet the garb of minstrelsy,
With cowl for casque encircles me;
And 'stead of the vassals that came at my call,
I stand a slave within thy hall.
Yet pine I not for warrior's fame,
Valor's meed or poet's name,
Martial tent or canopy,
Courtly halls or revelry;—
Enough for me if thou wilt smile,
And I behold thee but the while.

R. S.

LINES ON AN ESQUIMAUX INFANT.

[See Capt. Lyon's Narrative, &c. Lit. Gaz. January last.]

BENEATH yon mound of earth an infant sleeps,
No parent o'er its mouldering ashes weeps;
Sad, and neglected, seems its place of rest,
Like one forgot, unpy'd, and unblest.
The cold wind sweeps along the frozen plains,
And binding frost the groaning deep enchains,
While scarce a sun-beam lights the northern tomb,
Or sheds a ray, to cheer the lasting gloom.
Poor silent tenant of this drear abode,
By man scarce known, by stranger footsteps trod;
Where basks the walrus, his unwieldy form,
Or polar bear, that grows beneath the storm.
No grave-stone marks thy long and last repose,
Or tells thy little hour of earthly woes;
Yet, 'mid this cold ungenial clime, is seen,
Affection hov'ring o'er the cheris'd scene.
Upon thy throbbing breast, in thy lone tomb,
The robin of these wilds has made its home—
Produced its offspring 'mong those ashes rude;
And, mid decay, up-reared its callow brood.
Sleep little infant, sleep,—thy bed of rest,
Love reigns as warm as in the turtle's nest,
Spreads her fond wing upon thy cold remains,
And all a parent's tenderness sustains.

J. S. H.

* The Snow Bunting, common to these regions, and possessing many of the domestic qualities of the English Redbreast.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

STATE OF THE DRAMA.

[From a Correspondent.]

"The play, the play's the thing
With which I'll catch . . ."

NOTWITHSTANDING the opening of Parliament and the agitation of the great interests of the country, so much is public curiosity involved in the affairs of the theatres, that, in the metropolis at least, the Stage is as much the subject of conversation as the Senate. This is a proof of its importance to society, and sets its proceedings more forward for severer observation and scrutiny than they might at a first sight be supposed to deserve. At any rate, we need make no apology for taking our share in the common topic, and offering a few cursory remarks on the present aspects of the drama.

We never entertained that exaggerated opinion of the general influence of dramatic representations upon the feelings and manners of the people, which the warmest supporters of theatres, and especially authors and managers, have claimed. But experience has convinced us, that many individual cases of good and of evil have been the result of "seeing plays." It is therefore, a matter of some consequence that plays should have a beneficial tendency, and that those who sustain the parts, give utterance to the sentiments expressed, and enforce the moral inculcated by them, should not be in a situation to destroy any possible advantage which could accrue from their personation. Thus, even the characters of performers are, to a certain degree, of public interest, and liable to public animadversion; and, though it would be very ridiculous to expect greater correctness

from actors and actresses than from any other class of persons, it is not too much to require from them the avoidance of notorious profligacy and guilt; because the partial illusion of the scene is utterly incompatible with such delinquency. No one who has read or heard during the whole day the details of a man's crimes or a woman's shame, can go to the theatre at night and imbibe good impressions, from the former mouthing honourable principles, or the latter exhibiting virtuous actions. It is not from such tongues that the language of truth can come mended; nor by such examples that vice can be reformed; nor by such allies that the cause of morality can be advanced. The use, as well as the illusion, of the Stage, are, on the contrary, annihilated.

These obvious general reflections are applicable to the Drama at all times; and it is, therefore, without reference to any particular period that we protest, in the name of the public, against the fitness of receiving moral instruction from recorded villany, or virtuous precept from undisguised harlotry. But such seems to be the new way of accomplishing the theatrical boast, the great end of the Drama, to "reform the age."

Having said so much on the chief division of the question, and, as we think, demonstrated the inexpediency and indecency, as well as folly, of the course recently pursued by our national theatres, we shall advert to the late instances which have afforded managers so fatal an opportunity of contributing to the decline of the Drama and the ruin of the Stage, by holding up vice to encouragement, and giving a premium upon that line of conduct which is diametrically opposite to all the alleged merits of the profession. If they are right in stimulating and making a market of a morbid taste, we must hereafter be spared the pretension and cant to which we have been so long accustomed from them; and, without being puritans, be compelled to acknowledge that there is more force than we imagined in the religious objections which have been brought forward against play-houses.

As affecting morals, there is a strong similarity between the cases of Mr. Kean and Miss Foote—a similarity which makes it perfectly ridiculous that the one should be booed from the Stage at Drury Lane, and the other be rewarded with an ovation at Covent Garden. We can readily understand why the former act of justice was executed, but can assign no reason what ever for the latter act of sheer absurdity. If we look at the relative position of the parties, this will the better appear. Both have, by being before the legal tribunals of the country, obtained an unenviable notoriety. Kean, as the injurer of his friend, and Foote, as an injured female. Kean was punished for his offence, by a fine of £800; Foote was compensated for the loss she had suffered, by an award of £3000. So far they are seen in partially agreeing, and also partially different lights; and twice twelve citizens, upon oath, administered separate sentences, so as to satisfy every bearing of their relations towards the individuals who were implicated with them in the transactions legally decided.

Kean was punished because he had wronged another; Foote was enriched because another had wronged her. But, as between the public and these performers, the fair and common-sense effect of the verdicts are widely dissimilar. Having endured the stigma of the law, could no more restore Kean to credit, than having received the compensation of the law, could entitle Foote to increased popular favour and fortune. Yet Kean and his partizans have the folly to say, that he ought not to be tried twice for the same offence, just as if punishment, not only expiated crime, but wiped away odium and restored the culprit to all his social privileges: and the applauders of Foote contend, that because she was not so bad as her theatrical rival, her comparative degradation recommends her to be made a stage star, to have

her wages augmented from nine to twenty* guineas per week; and her appearance (after being puffed for a month in bills and newspapers) hailed as a triumph of innocence and virtue over persecution.

Let us illustrate these points a little. Suppose a fellow who kept tolerably decent company, or even the company of roistering, swaggering, pot-house associates, were to be detected in the commission of a petty larceny, and whipped through the town as a thief: well, could it be thought quite proper, that this said exposed character should return among his comrades with his back bloody from the hangman's lash, and boldly sit down among them again, as if nothing had happened; because, forsooth, he had been punished once, and it would be cruel and unjust to punish him a second time? Has the scourging from east to west so purified him, that he is to be at once restored to his former station? The doctrine is monstrous. But, say the apologists for demoralization, "Would you carry your resentment so far as to pursue the criminal for life? Would you, for example, drive Kean from the stage for ever, and blast all his future prospects? or, if only banished for a time, would that alter the complexion of his guilt?" To this we reply, that we would not devote any human being to perpetual infliction for any merely moral offence, however heinous; but, before we granted entire oblivion, we would demand some signs of deference to public opinion and public decency. We would not have the bloody back to out-brave both: let the clatrics be healed; let a period of retirement, if it does not mend the individual, at least leave room for the delusion, that he may have had some compunctious visitings and repented; and then, we are sure, British justice would be abundantly tempered with British mercy.

Again, in the other instance, what has been done to warrant the shameful prostitution of the play-bills and newspapers to pander to the attractions of Saturday's *Letitia Hardy*? Has Miss Foote extended her comic powers by rehearsing the Double Dealer off the stage? or improved the effects of her simplicity and artless appearance, by the exposure of her share in the cunning farce of "Two Strings to your Bow?" No: all that has happened since she was a modest-looking, sweet, unimpeached actress, at a moderate salary, is, that she has been proved to be something like what *Othello* demands to have his wife proved; and that, for certain circumstances arising from this state of things, she has got a solid golden egg of the value of three thousand pounds, out of that species of animal which lays such eggs. Betrayed by natural guardians, and beset by seduction, we are inclined to pity this fair and frail creature; but the duplicity exhibited in the *denouement*; the correspondence with one man, while on the eve of having offspring to another; the extreme worldliness of the whole transaction; the want of heart, of even misplaced affection, and of passionate love—those palliatives and excuses for all such errors—if they have not taken the case out of the pale of compassion, cannot surely be held up as entitling it to triumphant distinction and pecuniary reward. What would not recommend a housemaid, ought not to advance an actress; yet a poor menial would be turned away from her place, for what has raised Miss Foote to the top price in her profession—the profession which constitutes the mirror of the times, and, *prophudor!* the school of morals. We wish to be clearly understood on this point; and therefore beg to re-touch our view of it. Every man must look at Miss Foote's aberration with compassionate, and, we will almost say, kindly feelings; and had her betrayer tried one of his amateur performances, we would have hissed him from the scene like Kean. But this af-

fords no ground for the ruinous precedent, that incontinency renders a woman more valuable to the Stage and more acceptable to the audience. To raise a profit on loss of reputation, is a novelty in the annals of the Drama, and a strange perversion of popular ethics. For, if one instance is good in this respect, why not another? Why not run the race for attractions of the same description, as for first-rate Tragedians and Comedians? Why not Drury-Jane and Covent Garden compete for the production upon the boards, of Harriette Wilson, the fame of whose obscene memoirs at this moment, must, in such a line, render her the brightest ornament of the theatre, and the most potent magnet of the treasury; where it is as well known, as by the Roman Emperor, that gold from the impurest source smells as sweet as from the cleanest.

In fine, we consider the course now pursued by the Managers of our two great national and patently protected houses, to be decidedly opposed to propriety and decorum, and subversive of all the best interests and beneficial ends of dramatic representations. When the one theatre is visited, not for the sake of listening to the performances, but for the purpose of riot, and applying every shocking speech put into the mouth of a tyrant or villain to the situation of the actor who delivers them;—and the other theatre is crowded, not to reap any lesson from the scene, but to applaud every arch and wanton turn in the dialogue which relates to Maria Foote and her paramours, it is, beyond measure, absurd to pretend that the Stage is not diverted from its original destination, and made a place dangerous to youth, inconsistent with modesty, and injurious to the public morals.

DRAMA.

The state of our Theatre for the last fortnight, has thrown us into a very unpleasant dilemma: We are ardent admirers of the Stage, and can properly, we hope, appreciate the difficulties and distresses of dramatic management; but, at the same time, when managers or actors swerve from that line of propriety, in which, as servants of the public, and, to a certain extent, the guardians of its morals, they are bound to walk, then we feel ourselves compelled to speak without reserve, and to state our opinions both fearlessly and faithfully. At Drury Lane, where the company is, "*par excellence*," styled "*His Majesty's Servants*," a scene is now exhibiting, which is utterly disgraceful to all the persons who are taking any part in it. Upon the Stage, we have an actor presenting himself to the audience, night after night, in direct opposition to the wishes of the majority; going through the greater portion of a character in dumb show, or, when an opportunity arrives, "*hurling a bold defiance*" in the teeth of the public, and telling them, in bad English, that, if they continue to "*persecute*" him, he will quit his country for ever. In addition to all this, the Manager occasionally comes forward to shake the offender by the hand, and to inform his patrons, very coolly, and we dare say very truly, though rather inopportunistly, that, *so long as Mr. Kean is patronised by the public, so long shall he have his* (the MANAGER'S) support. So much for a peep behind the curtain. Let us now take a look before it; and here the appearance is equally extraordinary. The lower circle, instead of being filled with well-dressed females, is occupied by the partizans of either side; lounging over the chairs with their dirty boots, or thumping the panels with their sticks; and all with their hats upon their heads, to protect their skulls from the oranges and other missiles that may be flying to and fro. In the pit, we shall find some of the usual attendants of the galleries, in a state of perpetual commotion—shouting aloud, and "*throwing up their greasy caps*," whenever they imagine that a speech or a look can be interpreted as applying to the contest; and the upper boxes literally swarming with

pick-pockets, prostitutes, and pugilists. Really, we are surprised that some of the "*higher powers*" have not yet interfered. How can the Dramatic Licensor, who is so careful of our morals that he will not suffer the least objectionable word to deface an author's manuscript, reconcile all this to himself? Or has he no jurisdiction over these "*unruly members*"? Should the latter be the case, and that the Manager and audience are both of them "*extra-judicial*," we would recommend that either the one or the other would act with some decision, and once more allow the quiet frequenters of the play-house a little rational enjoyment.

At Covent Garden, matters are going on, though not much more quietly, yet, with greater unanimity. Miss Foote returned to the stage on Saturday, and was received, not only with indulgence, but the most vociferous applause. We have no wish to record the errors of this unhappy girl, or to blame her for seeking an honourable subsistence by the labours of her profession; but the whole business of her appearance was very injudiciously, and, we may almost say, indecently, arranged. If her friends considered her probable attraction as worth double her former salary, they should have kept their demands a secret from the public. Much of our compassion must necessarily be withdrawn when we find that the object of it, either by herself or others, is making use of it for sordid purposes. More, as far as relates to the young lady, we forbear to say. We need only look at her faded form, and call to mind her former beauty, to see that she has drunk of many a bitter cup, and suffered deeply for her frailties and her follies. With the Managers, we cannot be so lenient. What occasion could there be to advertise her name in large letters, three weeks before her appearance—ask an extra price for their private boxes—announce, in the most ostentatious manner, the "*early opening*" of the doors, and the "*suspension of their free list*?" and, to crown all, drive the fiddlers from the orchestra, that their places might be occupied at a guinea a head? Now, why all "*this note of preparation*?" Why, merely to show their avarice and weakness. They could have nothing to fear. There never is any want of curiosity in a town like this. Their house would have been filled without these petty arts, and Miss Foote would have enjoyed the additional credit of slipping quietly and modestly into her former situation. The play, which was *The Belle's Stratagem*, was badly acted. Miss Foote is not actress enough for such a character as *Letitia Hardy*. C. Kemble's *Doricourt* is rather of the heaviest, and, moreover, dressed most villainously. All Fawcett's old men are bad—and his *Hardy* is one of the worst. Without Jones and Mrs. Gibbs, we doubt if even the noise could have kept us awake. The audience, however, appeared to be satisfied, and encored the song and the dance as if they thought they could never have enough.

Masaniello has been again deferred; the consequence of which is, that the *Cobourghites* have got the start of Elliston, and are performing it at that refined and elegant place of amusement.

The Drury Lane Theatrical Fund Dinner is appointed for the 18th of March: the Duke of York, President.

Mr. Mathews has a new "*At Home*," forthcoming at the English Opera House, in a few weeks.

Mr. Bartley resumes his excellent Lectures on Astronomy, at the same place, during Lent.

POLITICS.

PARLIAMENT proceeds busily, but no distinct question of importance has yet been discussed. A total change of the Portuguese Ministry is the most prominent news of the week.

* The lady herself, we hear, thought her attractions so much augmented by the *act*, that she modestly demanded twenty-five!!!

VARIETIES.

An apparatus has been invented by a person named Roberts, of Bolton, Lancashire, for enabling any one to breathe with ease and safety in the midst of the densest smoke, or suffocating vapour. It consists of a hood and mouth piece, and the efficacy of the discovery has been tried by Roberts, in several instances, with complete success. In one trial of the apparatus he entered a closed room, in which sulphur, hay, &c. were burning, where he remained twenty minutes, without sustaining the least injury.—*Newspapers.*

New Island.—Captain Hunter, of the merchant-vessel Donna Carmelita, is stated, in the New South Wales Journals, to have discovered a new Island in the Southern Ocean, in July last. The latitude is 15° 31' S. and longitude 176° 11' E. The Island is inhabited, and a boat's crew which landed had friendly intercourse with the King and natives. These, from the accounts, do not seem to differ from the South Sea Islanders, already known to navigators;—the soil is volcanic—the name Onacuse.

Dramatic Costume.—The performance of *The Orphan of China*, in the month of August, 1755, gave the first hint for a reformation in the costume of the French Theatre. The rage for Chinese productions, in stuffs, furniture, and trinkets, had rendered a knowledge of the habits of China so popular, that it appeared as impossible to introduce Chinese on the boards, dressed like Frenchmen, as to introduce them as Chinese maggots. Joseph Vernet had just exhibited his earliest sea-pieces; and the variety of foreign costumes which he had painted in his pictures, representing the ports of Marseilles and Toulon, was particularly admired. The friends of Voltaire (who at that time had commenced his residence in the territory of Geneva) engaged Vernet to design for the new tragedy a set of mixed costumes; sufficiently Chinese, on the one hand, and sufficiently French on the other, not to provoke laughter. Vernet condescended to do this; and Mademoiselle Clairon made in the character of Idamé, some alteration in the old usages.

ANECDOTES.

An original Anecdote which occurred some years ago at the Birmingham Old Library.—A gentleman whose attendance at the library, where he was not a subscriber, had grown more frequent than his company was acceptable, the regular visitors had many debates whether to give him a polite notice to quit, or suffer him to remain; an old crusty gentleman going in one day soon settled the business:—perceiving, not only the disagreeable visitor, but a large mastiff belonging to him, taking up the whole of the fire-place, he very coolly opened the door, and, giving the mastiff a tremendous kick, which made him raise a hideous yell, he exclaimed, in a broad accent, "Come, dom it, you are no subscriber at any rate"—the gentleman followed his dog, and never more annoyed them by his presence.—*Birmingham Scrap Book*, No. 3.

On the evening of St. Bartholomew's, during the massacre, a citizen of Paris, reputed to be very rich, was closely pursued by an assassin, sword in hand, to whom the citizen kept crying—"Sir, sir, you are mistaken, I am really a true catholic."—"Possibly," replied the other, at the same time piercing him with his sword, "but your money is heretic."

A person remarking to another, that Rome was the seat of the true faith, was answered, "True, but this faith reminds one of certain people, who are never to be found at home."

A Frenchman was lately asked at table to taste some mince pie; on expressing his ignorance, a young lady, recently from school, with a small smattering of French, pointed one out to

him, at the same time calling it, *un mince pâté*; on which the Frenchman replied—"Volontiers, je vu quo c'est un pâté mincé."

An author of the name of Metral has published a *History of the Phoenix*. At page 49 he says, "Some have maintained that the Phoenix lived 500 years; others, 540; and others again, 600, 609, or 660. It has even been held, that its age reached 1000, 7000, 7006 years; and it has been extended still further, to 12,954 years: but by the Lives of Nestor, the crow and the stag multiplied by three, it would survive 3,034 ages!" Perhaps the poor Phoenix would be satisfied with a middle term of all these dates for its existence; and M. Metral's work may be worthy the attention of the companies for insurance against fires.

Siemen's Improvement on the Process of making Brandy from Potatoes.—"The introduction of this process, which has been adopted in many parts of Germany and in the north of Europe, has been recommended to the Swedish government by M. Berzelius, and to the Danish government by Professor Oersted. From the trials made at Copenhagen, it would appear that one-third more brandy is produced than by the usual processes. In Professor Oersted's report, we find the following account of the process:—The potatoes are put into a close wooden vessel, and exposed to the action of steam, which heats them more than boiling water. The potatoes can thus be reduced to the state of the finest paste with the greatest facility, it being necessary only to stir them with an iron instrument furnished with cross pieces. Boiling water is then added to the paste, and afterwards a little potash, rendered caustic by quicklime. This dissolves the vegetable albumen which opposes the complete conversion of the potatoe starch into a fluid. Professor Oersted frees the potatoe brandy from its peculiar flavour by means of the chloride of potash, which is said to make it equal to the best brandy made from wine."—*Gill's Tech. Repos.* No. 29, p. 322.

Discovery of a Fossil Bat.—"About the middle of last October, the workmen employed in the quarries of Montmartre discovered the fossil remains of a Bat. This most interesting specimen was almost immediately presented to Baron Cuvier by the gentleman into whose possession it had come. Permission to examine this hitherto unique production was readily granted to the author of this notice, who was then in Paris.

"The portion of stone in which the fossil remains are imbedded, had been subdivided during the operation of quarrying, so as to leave the exact impression of the animal equally well marked on each surface: the specimen altogether seemed to be so exceedingly perfect, and to resemble in size, proportion of the pectoral members, head, &c. the ordinary species of bats now existing. Nothing positive, however, can be said as to any exact resemblance between the antediluvian bat and those of the present day, until the anatomy of the head and teeth be made out, by removing from them the incrustation of solid stone at present entirely concealing the structure of these parts.

"The discovery of a fossil bat must be considered as a sort of era in the history of the organic remains of a former world; hitherto, so far as we know, no animal so highly organized has ever been unequivocally shown to exist in a fossil state. Between the *Bat* and *Man*, naturalists have interposed but a single species, the *Quadrumanus*: may we not hope that future research may at last add to the list of antediluvian remains, the so much sought for *Anthropolite*?"

Dr. Brewster's Edin. Jour. of Science.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

"Thoughts in Rhyme," by an East Anglian, with a Frontispiece, engraved by Grathatch, is for speedy publication.

"An Account of the Two Minas, and the Spanish Guerillas," is announced.

An edition of "All the Works of Lessing," is preparing for publication in Germany, in 34 vols. A second edition of "James' Naval History of Great Britain," with considerable additions and improvements, is announced for publication in May. The author, in his prospectus, solicits corrections and authentic information, at Bigg's Westminster Library; and as the accuracy of such works is a matter of public interest, we dare say his request will receive due attention.

Dr. Luden, of Jena, has announced his intention of publishing "A History of Germany," by subscription. It will form 10 vols. and be printed in four different sizes. From so powerful a pen, the lovers of literature may anticipate a work of the highest order.

A work, entitled "An Essay on the Principles of Military Combination and Movement; illustrated by the Events of the Peninsular Campaigns from 1808 to 1814," by an Officer, is announced to us as being nearly ready for publication. It is stated that the writer served on the general staff of the Peninsular Army, an analysis of the campaigns of which will form the basis of his publication.

Archæology.—In the first volume of the "Memoirs of the Archæological Society," lately established at Naples, is a dissertation by Fr. Rossi, on a medal of Crispus Cesar, the son of Constantine, which was found at Capri, bearing the legend, *Kletus cæsar*; also, another dissertation by the same learned person on an inscription of P. Aelius Mucianus, couched as follows:—*P. Aelio Muciano spec. leg. II. adjut. P. Aelio Muciano speculatori legionis secunde adiutrice.* M. Rossi particularly applies himself to define, with precision, the signification of the word *speculator* among the ancients. The same volume contains a memoir by M. André, on the subject of Eustathius's commentary on Homer. M. André also treats on a geographical chart of 1445, in which is indicated the position of the Antilles. M. Avellino has described a golden crown which was found in 1815, in an ancient tomb near Armento, in the Beato. This crown is composed of oak leaves, interwoven with small branches and flowers; among which, the rose, the narcissus, the anemone, &c. are distinctly to be recognised. Upon the flowers and the leaves the chaser has represented some bees; and there are six figures—four female and two male. This crown furnishes M. Avellino with the opportunity of discussing the crowns of the ancients, and particularly the manner of composing them for different purposes. It was this kind of crown of which two thousand were presented at the obsequies of Sylla; and such were the crowns, which, according to Plutarch, all the towns of Thessaly consecrated to the *manes* of Pelopidas. The author has shewn much erudition in this paper. M. Caraccioli has explained an inscription which was discovered in 1765, on the gate of the Temple of Isis, at Pompeii, concerning a Numerius Popidius admitted into the number of the Decurions for having restored the Temple. In ancient times, as at present, liberality to the church was highly honoured. The inscription is as follows:—*N. Popidius, n. f. celestinus adtem laidis terra motu conlapsam a fundamento P. S. restituit hunc ab liberalitatem cum cædæ annorum sca ordio suo gratis adgerunt.* The *scæ* is ambiguous. M. Caraccioli indulges in the not very happy conjecture, that this devotee, Popidius, was, perhaps, a child of six years old, to whom his father transferred the honour of having rebuilt the edifice. It is said that the second volume of the *Memoirs of the Society* will contain drawings of this Temple of Isis.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Waddington's Visit to Greece, in 1823-24, 8vo. 8s. 6d.; Apology to the Travellers' Club; or, Anecdotes of Monkeys, foolscap 8vo. 5s. 6d.; Shakespeare's Hamlet, a reprint of the first edition, 8vo. 5s.; Richardson's Sonnets, and other Poems, post 8vo. 5s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 3	from 49 to 37	29.46 to stat.
Friday 4	25 — 35	29.50 — 29.60
Saturday 5	24 — 34	29.60 — 29.63
Sunday 6	29 — 40	29.84 — 30.10
Monday 7	29 — 42	30.10 — 30.20
Tuesday 8	32 — 45	29.96 — 30.00
Wednesday 9	33 — 46	30.20 — 30.30

Wind NW and SW, the latter prevailing.—Alternately clear and cloudy; rain at times. On the morning of the 4th it grew warm, for the first time this season, covered with snow.—Rain fallen .4 of an inch.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Continuation of "Original Letters," from eminent Literary Men, next week.

The dress of *Domestic* did not escape our observation—it was reformed on Tuesday. We never once noticed such points, because, in fact, the old and sterling comedy cannot be acted without attention to costume.

Erratum p. 91, col. 3: in the note, for Grovertius, read Gervotius—the famous picture in the Angerstein Gallery.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall-Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the WORKS of MODERN ARTISTS is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

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THE LAST SERIES OF THE SHAKESPEARIAN READINGS, by Mr. SMART, was commenced on Thursday evening last, at the Theatre, at his residence, at the west side of Leicester-Square, and will be continued every Thursday, till completed. The Plays, &c. will be, Othello; Julius Cæsar; King Lear; Scenes of King Lear; and the Taming of the Shrew; Hamlet; the Merchant of Venice; Henry the Fourth; and on the last night, a Lecture on Elocution. Transferable Ticket for the eight evenings. One Sovereign. Single Ticket, 5s. Tickets for parties as usual; to be had as above; at Hookham's, Old Bond-street; and Richardson's, Royal Exchange.

MEMOIRS OF PAINTING. By W. Buchanan, Esq.—Containing a short History of the Progress of the Fine Art in general; with an Account of the various Collections of Pictures which have been brought to England since the period of the French Revolution, for the purpose of proving their identity, and establishing a fixed value on such objects. Also comprising Sketches of the Characters of some of the leading Masters of the various Schools of Painting; with critical Remarks on the present State of Collections in England and on the Continent.

This Work has, by most of the Reviews, been considered as indispensable to every Amateur or Collector of Works of Art, not only as affording much valuable information, but as a guide to those who are forming Collections, and as the work of the kind which contains original and authentic Documents.—Vide *Blackwood's Magazine—Literary Gazette—Literary Chronicle—Sunset-Gazette*, &c. &c. &c.

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Contents.—Bibliography—Campan's Private Journals—Fouché's Memoirs—Blairville on Ichthyolites—Dale's Translation of Sophocles—Graham's Journal of a Residence in Chili—Davison's Discourse on Prophecy—Thiele's Danish Folktægt—Rose's Translation of Orlando Furioso—Daniell's Meteorological Essays—The Gil Blas of the Revolution—Rameses—Latter-day Apocrypha—The Works of Nicholas Fernandez Moratin—James's Naval History—Transactions of the Asiatic Society—Hawkins's Memoirs—Persian Controversies—Wigram's Kant's Philosophy—Le Journal Asiatique, 1824—Lessing's Fables and Epigrams—The Greek Revolution—Foreign Literature, &c. &c. Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Marie-lane.

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For Feb. 1, being the second number for 1825, contains, among other interesting original papers:—I. The Clubs of London.—II. Giulio, a Tale. An Improvisation by Napoleon Bonaparte, to the Emperor, 1804.—A Vision of Judgment in Prose.—V. The Family Journal. No. 3; Beautiful Offspring. The Town.—VI. Letters from the East, No. 13, Acry.—VII. Poetical Miscellany. (I.) Rameses.—II. The Danish Folktægt.—III. Petrarch.—IX. The Canadian Emigrant, No. 2.—X. Grimm's Ghost, No. 3; Meeting the same People.—XI. London paraded with Gold.—XII. Mr. Plunket and his Informations.—XIII. Marshal Saxe and his Physician.—XIV. Revival of Christianity.—XV. Steam, a new Poem.—XVI. London Letter to Country Cousins. No. 2.—The Horse Bazaar.—XVII. Good News from Greenland.—XVIII. A Vision of Judgment, in the Downfall of the Golden Calfe, &c.—and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, Criticism, the Drama, Politics, and Commerce. The number contains also, in the usual manner, a variety of London and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; John Canning, Dublin; and may also be exported to Friends abroad, by application to the General Post Office, or to any local Post Master.

LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, No. II.

For FEBRUARY, 1825. Price 3s. 6d. Contents.—I. Men, Measures, and Manners, in France.—Letter on Utilitarian Proteits, by Elia.—Pensée Stanzas to Miss M. A., a favourite Actress.—Review of "Highgate and Hyeways."—Bycher's Chamber.—Review: Cole of Ducl.—Art of Advertising, or Instructions for Tradesmen.—Captain Melville's Journal of his Conversations with Dr. Kitchener.—The Arabian Nights, or the History of the Rise and Fall of the Eminent Swisshearing, London.—London Stock Company.—Mr. Abernethy and the Lancet.—Autobiography of Mr. Munden.—Letter from Mr. Abraham Franklin, on the late French Revolution.—Review: A General Segur's History of Napoleon and the Grand Army.—1812; with copious Extracts.—Death of the Athenæum.—Literary Notices from Paris to the Editors of the New Shepherd's Calendar, or an Eclogue on Cox and Keat's Coleridge's Sonnets.—Academy of Sciences: Statistics.—Critical Age of Women.—Foundlings.—Drama.—Report of Music.—View of Public Affairs.—New Science.—Coleridge's Poems.—Literature, University Intelligence, Celestial Phenomena, New Books, Canals, &c.

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Buckingham's Oriental Herald.

AND JOURNAL OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. XIV. of this Work, for February 1825, contains the following Original Articles:—Brilliant Specimens of Free Trade and Just Laws in the Settlement of Singapore—Essays on the Distinguishing Characteristics of the Governments of Asia: No. 10. Modern Egypt and the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of London.—The Bench, the Bar, and the Press, at Bombay—On the Multiplication of Books—Harold De Sacy, on the New Transliterations of the Language of the East—Attempted Commercial Intercourse with Cochinchina—Original Letters in the British Museum.—M. Simond's on the Colonization of India.—Suggestion of Bishop Berkeley on the Administration of Justice in the Universities.—Herald Proceedings of the Magistracy at Bombay.—Notice of a volume of "Sonnets and other Poems, by D. L. Richardson," of the Hon. East India Company's Improved Rockets of the Capt. Parilly, of the Bengal Artillery.—On the Education of Youth for Civil Offices in India: No. 5.—Historical View of the Changes made by the Legislature in the East India Company's Charter.—Original Poetry.—Latest Intelligence, Civil, Military and Political, from India and other Countries of the East.—Promotions, Deaths, Shipping, Passengers, and a variety of other Miscellaneous Information connected with the Interests of India at home and abroad.

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††† Rivingtons will speedily publish the volume for the Year 1826, which will complete the former Series, in continuation of those from 1820 to 1821, inclusive. The volume for 1822 is in the press, and will appear very soon.

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